

## You Could Be My One and Only

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## You Could Be My One and Only

by [nmuna](#)

### Summary

The 5 times Dream — *Clay hid George away from the rest of his world.*

+ The one time he didn't care anymore.

In which Dream slowly starts to introduce George to his world, his friends, and his online persona.

*title is from softly by clairo*

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Summary

George often finds it difficult to sleep without his boyfriend sometimes, thankfully Dream's door is always open.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

There was a frustrating rhythm that drained over Dream's fingers, while his eyes searched for an entryway out. His hands moved at a rampant speed, moving the mouse around while his fingers clicked through the same array of keys. The previously calm chat, had exploded into a tune of *Where the hell are you?* and *LOSERR!*

The resounding mocks had gained nothing but a chuckle out of him, however, there was still the thread of annoyance mending into his brain like a spider's web, poisoning his appetite. *Okay, seriously, where the hell was he?*

Dream was doing a very chill, quiet livestream, he was speedrunning of course. By now it was basically his trademark, he wasn't going for any goal but just wanted to have some fun for a while. Until he got himself lost. Dream had gotten himself lost, in the middle of the Nether after forgetting to write down coords for his portal's location. If anything, it was really his fault.

His breath quivered, and Dream erupted into nervous laughs, "Okay, guys — maybe this is just a fail, yeah?" He leaned back into the chair, redirecting his gaze towards his other computer, where chat was excitedly spamming after hearing his voice. He stifled another laugh, and slid closer towards his set up.

As he navigated his mouse to end the world and start another, Dream ran his other hand through his hair. *Ew, greasy.* He recollected to when he last bothered to clean up his messy blond locks, and a small ping stole his attention away. A donation had light up the dull room, *okay green boy, i think today is just not your day. it's okay though, this is a chill stream, will sapnap be back??*

Dream read it out loud towards his audience, before answering, "Yeah, you guys are right. I don't have the — uh — best luck today. Sapnap won't be back though, he said he had to do something important." This was clearly not his day. The day had been rather boring if anything, the moment Dream woke up, he snatched some breakfast and retreated into his setup room.

The stream was basic at the start, Sapnap had joined him for moral support, before bidding him and the chat goodbyes and retreating for the day. His chances with speedrunning was always rather good, but today was just not turning out to be how Dream had thought it would be. It wasn't too long before the donos started getting delayed, and his chat was draining him, keeping him on the edge of his seat.

His room was really dark, his screen being the only source of light that reaches the door, and it was contributing to the throbbing headache that's taken refuge in his mind. It wasn't too long before Dream found himself retreating the next world as well, continuing the pattern until he could find a decent one.

Dream's mind was getting overwhelmed, 80k people were watching and he was — *what?* on the edge of losing his mind? He continuing reading the donos, it kept him in reality for a bit, giving him a warm pat on the back. Speaking of warm pats, his room was unbelievably cold for a June afternoon in Orlando. Perhaps it was just him, he should probably turn down the air conditioning before frost bite reaches him. He chuckled to himself, *it would be better than ever finishing this run.*

While his eyes searched for things to distract him, they finally caught onto his mouse. The pretty, vibrant mouse with neon green streaks over the black that pulsated whenever he acknowledged its keys. Then his eyes slid over at the screen, where his character had been standing still for a few second before making an acknowledgement of sense. Dream let his eyes wander even more, occasionally reading out the chat, watching them try to converse with themselves.

Then, Dream uncomfortably shuffled his feet, leaning closer to the microphone to answer another donation before — *a quiet knock on his door.* For a moment, he found himself frozen. There was a clammy ache in his palms, a light burst of glee filling into his heart when he'd realized who it was.

"Sorry chat, give me a minute, let me mute." He muted his mic quickly, before turning over on his chair and musing out a, "Come in!" Clay waited, he waited as the door slid open in a gentle manner, a hand folding over on the door before a body squeezed itself between the space.

Tired eyes peeked up at him, anxiety fluttering through the eyelashes before a clear in the man's throat. "Clay." *George* said, his body perking up when he noticed Clay's eyes on him. He straightened up, pushing down onto the blue sweatshirt he was wearing before Clay nodded as a signal for him to go on. George looked *embarrassed*, even though it was dark and Clay couldn't even see the scarlet blush that usually engulfed his boyfriend's face, he could tell it from his body manner.

"I wok' up, 'n you weren't there." George's british accent was more thick when he was sleepy, the drowsiness makes him sound more slurred, a lisp usually hung onto his words. George straightened

himself up from the corner of the doorway, before finishing his thoughts, "Can I — can I wait here? Fo' you?" A smile blossomed up Clay's face, a shush of relief squeezing into his chest before he nodded in a positive pattern.

"Yeah, yeah. Of course you can, sorry, I had to stream." His tone sounded kind, and George caught onto it and beamed up. He nodded before walking over to Clay's chair, and clasping onto his hands. Clay squeezed back into the grasp, before looking up at the brunette. George's eyes looked really clouded over, meaning he was barely awake, if anything, already half asleep.

A fond smile grew over his mouth, his hand sliding over to the back of George's neck and pulling him down for a small kiss. A giggle choked up in his boyfriend's throat, before pushing himself away from the embrace. "I jus' woke up! No kisses," George giggled out, laughing harder at the pout that clasped over Clay's face.

*"Fine."* George cupped onto his lover's cheeks, leaning forward to press his forehead against his in a comforting embrace and pressing a gentle kiss against his lips. Leaning over, he pressed another to Clay's cheek, and then another to the side of his mouth. Finally, he pressed himself away before Clay could hold onto him tightly, and never let him go, *which wouldn't be so smart considering he was live right now.*

He watched as George moved behind him, leaning onto the chair for a moment and singalong his attention onto the chat, which was not so *patiently* screaming for his return. George guided himself towards the bed that was pressed against to the wall right behind Clay, and rolled onto it. Usually, the headboard was at the opposite side of Clay's side, so instead the smaller pressed himself onto the bottom of the bed, grabbing onto a pillow to keep him company as he watched the back of Clay's silhouette move along with the chair.

From his own webcam that was always hidden from the public, Clay could barely make out the presence on the bed that was looking up at him. He smiled, moving over to unmute his mic after the long minutes. "Sorry guys, my.. my cat came in." There was pause that went unnoticed, and he already knew that George was trying to keep himself at bay from breaking into a fit of sleepy giggles. He grabbed onto his phone that was charging to the left of his keyboard, he unplugged it and turned over to hold it out towards George's side.

George looked up at him, the brown eyes staring into the green before leaning forward against the edge, his hand reaching over to tightly grab onto it. He gave a small smile, as a *thank you*, before turning himself over the bed to play onto Clay's phone. Clay knew that it wouldn't be too long before George gets tired of waiting, and would start whining, so his phone would need to distract him for now.

He pulled his attention back towards the stream, his heart feeling much lighter than before the

small interruption. Chat was still spamming about *Patches*, and begging Clay to do a *Patches* cam or anything *Patches* related. His lips slipped into a small smile, before his attention was drained into the game itself. Suddenly, everything seemed more compact. Clay picked up a small rhythm, his fingers were moving much smoother and his head was clear for once.

That small interaction with his boyfriend, he needed that. Nothing too rash, a few kisses and acknowledgment of the older and Clay was already floating on clouds.

Moments later, he found himself nearing the end of the stream. He yawned in a weary tone into the mic, stretching his arms out. "Okay guys," Clay started, "I'll answer questions for a bit and then I'll drop out for the day."

It wasn't even too late, he had barely streamed for two hours and it was still three in the afternoon. But it didn't matter, there was a presence on the bed behind him that was waiting, suspiciously quiet. He held in a deep breath, watching as Chat exploded in pleas to tell him not to leave and questions.

"*Ha*, sorry guys, I seriously gotta go, but," Clay paused to think, "Ask me questions on hashtag AskDream. On, uh, twitter. I'll answer some of 'em." He needed his phone for this, currently he found it difficult to navigate through twitter with his computer. Perhaps it was the setup, but it was oddly uncomfortable. He also needed to check up on George, who, other than some keyboard tapping in the background moments ago, hadn't made a single noise. Which is a bit *concerning*.

As questions started to flood in, Clay turned in his chair, pulling off the headphones quietly. The light from the computers were more dimmed than before, but it didn't take too long for Clay to notice the lump on the bed. George was rested at the foot of the bed, his body curled over and his head pressed into a pillow. Clay got up, walking over a few steps to reach the bed and came to an apparent conclusion. George fell asleep.

George was wrapped into himself, his knees curled upwards and nestled into himself, similar to a burrowing ferret. His hands were pulled out to the sides, broken apart, and in the middle was Clay's phone. Clay couldn't help the smile that pushed through his lips, the scene was endearing, so *sweet*. It had always crumbled Clay's heart whenever George slept like this. Usually, he would be pushed tightly into Clay's embrace or pressing his face into Clay's neck and straddling him. *But*, there's nothing wrong with a change of routine.

Clay snorted to himself, grabbing the white duvet that was pushed to the opposite side of the bed. He spread it out, before draping it over George's frame, watching as the man squirmed at the sudden contact before leaning into the warmth. Clay pressed the back of his hand into George's cheek, nearly flinching at the rush of chill that burned his hand, *he seemed frozen*. He needed to take care of himself better before he gets hypothermia as a reward. Clay sighed in worry.

Then it had hit him, Clay was still on stream. All these thoughts of George, and how badly he wanted to kiss him, and he'd nearly forgotten about the nearly ninety thousand viewers that were awaiting his return. Not to mention the fact that his mic was still on, meaning anything could easily be revealed to the world, if it was loud enough, and considering how sensitive his mic tends to be, *anything*.

Clay cleared his throat, before grabbing onto the phone from under the duvet. He was about to move away — return back to his seat and apologize — he's pulled back with a tight grip. He nearly slipped, but was saved when he dug his heels into the ground tightly. George's hand, his tiny hand with his dainty wrist had curled into the edge of Clay's hoodie, clasping onto it roughly, wrinkles of the fabric stifling themselves angrily. George's body moves, pushing itself over to the opposite side of the bed to where the brown eyes could meet the green.

"...Clay." His eyes were only half open, he looked a bit drunk from the atmosphere around him. His voice was sleepy, a bit whiny in a sense, but so *so* tired. George's voice seemed drowned out but loud, it was signaled towards him before hands pulled out in a welcoming manner. There was a moment of silence shared between there, before George whined, a quivering hum breaking through his mouth as he tried to heave Clay closer to himself.

"Clay," Clay's mouth went dry, just slightly, "Come bac' to bed."

*Fuck.* Clay shuddered, George can be convincing when he wants to be, especially when he's in a needy mood after waking up. There was nothing stopping Clay from knowing that Chat most likely caught most of that, meaning they could hear George's mumbles and babbles, but hopefully not too clearly. Clay gently ruffled George's head, before leaning down and pressing a kiss to the corner of the older' slips. He moved up to his ears, "I'm live, George. Gimme a moment." He whispered.

Clay didn't bother looking at George's response to that, because almost immediately, the grip onto his shirt was loosened and completely pulled away. Once he was back in his seat, he could see chat going literally *insane*. There was a spam of *Clay's* and *Come back* that were migrating through the chat at a past pace. Everyone was asking who the hell was in Clay's room and why do they have such an attractive voice?

It made Clay slightly annoyed, but there was no need to mention it. He cleared his throat, putting his headphones back on and realizing there was a sudden increase of donations. "Uh," He muttered into the mic, there was calls from the chat who have noticed his returned presence and were calling for his attention. Clay laughed at that, "Hi guys, sorry about that. My roommate came in."

It didn't take him too long to make up some excuse about watching a movie, and how his

roommate was waiting for him. By the end, the spam in chat was finally starting to find some chill, and he decided to answer some questions. He bounced his leg in an uncomfortable pace, his hands stroking over his face while the other navigated questions through twitter with little taps.

"Uhhh, oh, here's one." Clay cleared his throat, "Dream, are you good at cooking? If so, what's your favorite thing to make? Okay, so. Yes, I can cook," *He had to, considering George couldn't even make eggs to save his life*, "But I'm no chef. I like making pasta mostly." *Because it's George's favorite too.*

Chat began to spam other questions, or small comments to follow with his comments and Clay smiled along to them. He refreshed on the twitter page, there were suddenly a burst of questions, all surrounding Dream's supposed *roommate*. Clay swallowed down his anxiety, and slight discomfort before realizing, he needed to acknowledge this, get it done with once and for all.

"Okay, 'hashtag ask dream, currently in bed watching you when i heard your roommate, i didn't know you even had a roommate,' well yes, I do have a roommate." He skipped over the actual question aspect of it, it being something that was oddly uncomfortable to look over as there was churning emotions that bubbled around his chest. Clay had spent the next few minutes answering questions from chat, switching from one topic to another until the mention of George was nonexistent (nearly).

Eventually, he ditched the stream, ending it with an enthusiastic good bye and promises for more content in the upcoming week. The message, *your stream has ended* highlighted the screen and Clay released a solaced sigh. He picked off his headphones, closing up his PC and set up for the day, while he could feel eyes crawling up behind him and staring deep into the back of his neck.

"Is it—" George started with a loud tone, before there was a pause in his words and it continued at a low pace, "Is the stream done?" Clay turned in the leather plated chair, a small squeak creaking form the corners of the chair where it was pushed against the desk. Now that his computer had died down, the only source of light were the dimmed down LED lights that were scattered around the walls of the room.

Even from this poorly managed lighting, Clay could easily spot the patches of red plastered around his boyfriend's face. That habit of biting his lips whenever there was an anxious situation, and how his mouth was twisted into a insecure smile. There was a *thump* erupting through Clay's heart before he could make out his next actions, where he pushed himself infront of George and engulfed him into a tight hug.

It was awkward, considering Clay was leaning down with his six foot three height, and George was already sitting criss cross on the bed. Though, it didn't really seem to matter because George *melted* into his presence oh so quickly. There was a sharp take of breath before George

wrapped his hands around Clay's neck and pulled him down onto the bed.

Clay leaned down, complying to his boyfriend's touch and flipping himself over, so George was leaning onto the right of his chest. The bed, despite never being used as much, was comfortable. It pressed down from Clay's weight and had a bounce in its movements, causing it to slightly squeak when George pushed his nose into the corner of Clay's neck. Silence surrounded them for just a moment, before words were spoken.

"I— sorry. I didn't know you were still live. I should've been more careful," George muttered, there was a shake in his voice and it made Clay nearly want to suffocate him with kisses. He shook his head lightly, before breaking into a small fit of giggles and raising his palms up to gently hold George's face. He raised George up to his height, before he was basically *on him* and stared right into his eyes. Clay shook his head in nonchalance, pressing a kiss against George's lips.

"It's *fine*. I handled it and plus, you were barely awake, I was technically the one who woke you up." George giggled against his lips and *oh fuck, that was really cute*. George quirked his eyebrow upwards, his quivering smile turning into a smirk as he cupped onto Clay's cheeks.

"Well, I guess then, it's all your fault, huh?" He quirked, settling back down onto Clay's chest. The taller really didn't have a reply, it wasn't too deep of a conversation in the first place and he could feel George regressing sleep once again. Clay looked down, George had settled himself between his right hand and broad chest, one of his hands tightly clasped over Clay's chest. He had already gotten himself comfortably nuzzled into Clay's shoulder and Clay tilted his head to the side to peck him on the forehead.

A small whine from the brunette, before everything drowned in silence. Clay could feel George's hair tickling him near his neck, and his resounding breathing which bless small puffs on air into his shoulders. In Clay's other hand was his phone, which was exploding with notifications as always, most likely from his friends. After a moment to take it all in, he took a deep breath.

There was always striking anxiety left in his chest after a live to examine the aftermaths of his situation. There was always that fear that it wasn't *enough* or his viewers didn't want to watch whatever he was doing. There was always that judgement that burned his chest up, no matter how many times he'd tried extinguishing the fire. It was a raw sensation, the kind that swallowed him up and left him deserted for days in his own mind.

But laying here, just *breathing* here with George. It was almost like it changed everything. The usual restlessness in his heart had settled into specks of doubt, which wasn't perfect, but it was better. Watching George, being able to feel him — it was everything.

So Clay finally unlocks his phone, immediately twitter's for you page greets him. He refreshes it, watching as his view fills with new videos and posts. There's a sharp dagger plucking his breath when —

anna @flwrwastaken

i couldn't have been the only one who never knew that dream out of everyone had a roommate? doesn't he seem too closed off to it? and idk .. it just sounded a little sus and he didn't even rlly answer the questions either

He normally wouldn't pay attention to it, except for the plethora of replies that were agreeing with it. Clay shook his head lightly, there's no need to let something get to him this quickly, the encounter wasn't any more than a simple misunderstanding, on the viewers' point of view, so it was okay. He tossed his phone aside, carefully grabbing onto the white blanket from earlier and laying across him and George, stubborn not to wake him up.

George squirmed just a little bit, before pushing himself closer into Clay's hold. Clay laughed quietly to himself, turning his body over and pressing his nose into George's hair, his hands folding over the smaller's waist, sliding beneath his hoodie to take in the warmth.

This lingering scent of vanilla and the burning warmth that surrounded Clay in the moment was enough, this was enough. So, he slept.

## Chapter End Notes

Okay Hello, welcome .

if you're here, then you're as hopeless as I am in moments of needing fics like this and you know what? I completely understand.

Honestly speaking, it's currently 4:20 am, i woke up nearly an hour and a half ago after practically dreaming this entire fanfic and deciding to write it down .

I've had the idea for *ages* but promptly kept it aside cause no motivation. However, now we're here, we're doing this so :] let's have fun! This will have six chapters, only five more left and I'll try to update as frequent as possible.

I have ideas for other fics coming up so I don't wanna spend too much on this . Anyways, I hope you all know this isn't my best writing since it's literally four in the freaking morning so, grammatical errors? Ignore them! misspellings? can't help it!

I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it. I hope you enjoy, and

kudos / comments are always appreciated! mwah!

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

George falls asleep on Clay, he never minds it.. until he joins a call with Tommy and Tubbo.

### Chapter Notes

there's plenty more notes at the end , so please read those for proper credit !!

but ! here's [imagery](#) for a scene in this chapter, you'll know it when you get it ;]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Wait, wait, go into the—" Clay pressed himself closer against his boyfriend's back, his hands tightening around his waist when the screen lights up with *Game over! Dream hit the ground too hard*. There was a moment of silence that was shared through the dimmed room before George straightened up on his lap.

"*Clay!* You're distracting me! Stop it!" George whined, which earned nothing but a fit of wheezes from Clay who just watched him throw himself off of a ravine. George turned over from his grip, looking at Clay with the ~~eatest~~ angriest look, his chest puffing up and down in an inhumane pace.

"Clay, I've died about fifteen times now and it's *your fault!*" He huffed out, Clay, still giggling, nodded towards him before signaling him to look back over to the screen. Clay clutched onto his waist for a moment, before picking George up and pushing him up onto his lap more comfortably. This emitted a light *ow* from George before Clay soothed over the sides of his torso with his hand.

Clay watched as his boyfriend restarted on his world, spawning back in before sprawling around to retrieve his stuff. Clay leaned forward, letting George's head balance his chin before kissing into his locks.

It was a lazy Sunday, there was the humming of rain outside that was more violent in the morning, and the clicks of keyboard keys. There was nothing to do today so Clay offered George to play Minecraft with him, which turned into a series of his boyfriend trying to speedrun for about an hour before finally giving up.

*"I'll never say speedrunning is easy again, Clay."*

*"Really?"*

*"No—I probably will but I'll never speedrun again."*

It was oddly endearing to watch George try to sort out the keys and revisit the game that he hasn't played in months, especially as he speedruns it. Clay mostly just stayed back, George was sharing his gaming chair with him. Previously, Clay had scooted back so there was space for George between the desk and his chair, but by now George was basically on his lap. Which he didn't mind, considering George barely weighed hundred pounds.

Eventually, George had given up on his speedrunning era and was committed to building his own world in the game. So far, there was not too much progress other than George already dying like *seven* times as he attempted to find iron. It made sense though, he was too stubborn to let Clay change his set up to accompany him, since George was left handed. When Clay tried to do so, he said, *"Stop! You're discriminating against left handed people, I can still play, okay?"*

But he can't. It was too clear that he couldn't. But Clay didn't say anything, it's not too surprising that watching his boyfriend struggle humored him. It was difficult for him but George was stubborn, too stubborn to take his words back and ask Clay to change his set up. They were playing on Dream's account, of course. Clay's set up, his streaming room was more comfortable than any other place, *and Clay would never admit that the only reason he wanted George to play here was because he would be on his lap.*

A hushed voice pulled him out of his thoughts, "Clay?" Clay blinked out of his head, looking down and realizing that George had turned over to look at him.

*"Yeah?"*

A smile, "Nothing, you zoned out for a second, what was the last thing you remember?" George turned back towards the screen, his hands back onto the keyboard and mouse as he waited for Clay to answer. He was—*shearing sheep? He found iron already?* Clay pushed himself out of his head.

"You found iron?" A proud *mhm* resounded out of George and Clay chuckled, leaning down to press a kiss to the side of George's cheek, "Wow Georgie, you're turning into a gamer." A shy laugh, the cutest laugh, erupted through George as he nodded along to Clay's words.

"I was asking you," George braced himself for a minute, turning around to look for more sheep, "what we should name this world. It's mine now, right?"

Clay hummed, "Yeah, it's yours. But the true question is, what do *you* want to name it, huh?"

"I don't *know*, that's why I asked you." George sprinted over to more sheep, shaving them and then pausing for a moment. He turned over in his chair, to which Clay leaned back against the back of the seat. George signaled for Clay to come closer, so he did, and pressed a soft kiss to his lips. Clay cupped George's cheek and filled his lips back up. He pulled away from the lips, pressing his forehead against George's and looking at him hazily.

George had a goofy smile on his face, turning back over to mess with the settings and switching to *World Name*. Clay moved back to their old position, his hands sliding underneath the blue hoodie that George had on, and smoothing his hand up and down his waist.

The older shivered for a moment, before typing into the space bar: *bluuu + dream x*

"Blue, plus dream, x— what?" Clay sounded it out, laughing a little.

"I like blue! *Shut up*. And— and, if you're Dream, I'm Blu, right?" George's shoulders had died down a bit, his legs shaking in a rhythm, and Clay smiled.

"I guess. So the x is a kiss, right?" Clay could feel George rolling his eyes, despite facing away from him.

"Yeah man—" *You had my lips against yours a minute ago, don't call me man.* "Duhh, we literally just kissed."

"Hmm okay George, I guess it's a cute name." George whined, talking off on how it didn't matter if Clay liked it or not and Clay just listened. There was a comfortable pace in the air, something comforting that he wouldn't trade for anything. Clay just sat, pressed to his boyfriend's back as he started working on a house and asked him for directions and how to do certain things. Clay answered, a soft exhale settling in his throat, George messed around with some flowers.

His colorblindness was holding him back, just a bit, but it was okay. Clay was always there to help. Eventually time sped by, *bluuu + dream x* was becoming more filled as George started working on a house, "It's a hobbit house okay?" after looking up some pictures for reference.

It didn't take too long before George started to get more quiet, his keyboard taping was slower and his shoulders seemed heavy. There was a light slur in the way he was speaking, and he took frequent gulps of water. Clay knew exactly what it is, so he smoothed his hand over from George's forehead to the back of his head, pushing some stray hair out of his face. Noticing the sudden change, George turned over to face Clay.

"Oh." He said, Clay responded with a nod.

"Yeah, you wanna stay here?" He asked, there was patience in his tone. It looked like George was arguing in his own mind, his eyebrows wrinkling up, and Clay decided to answer for him, "Let me say that again, George, you can stay here."

George looked back up at him, his usual brown were seemed more clouded over but hopeful. His shoulders were slumped down, and his mouth was slightly parted open. Sleepiness, moreover, *narcolepsy*. George had trouble staying awake for more than ten hours, and at the same time, he tends to play asleep at random times of the day. The narcoleptic was going into a sleep attack, it wasn't too difficult to see because George's narcoleptic attacks were more lowkey.

George didn't really go into cataplexy, he mostly just fell asleep, cuddling himself into the closest source of warmth he could find. Most of the time, the source being Clay. Not that he minded, Clay accepted all parts of his boyfriend, the stubborn, the whiny, the patient, the comforting, and of course, *the sleepy*.

George sniffled a bit, before pushing a hand against Clay's chest, and Clay pushed the rolling chair away from the desk. For a moment, they were still and George got up from Clay's lap and turned over to face him. He pulled his hands out, and Clay chuckled.

"You wanna sleep on me, George?" He asked, in the quietly tone possible, and George hummed, his hands shaking a bit in excitement. Clay nodded, pushing forward a bit to grab onto George's waist.

"Then come on," He pulled George onto his lap, the older was straddling him before pushing his thighs into the space between the arm rests and curling his hands around Clay's neck. George leaned into his shoulder, balancing his chin onto it in a clumsy manner. Clay helped him get comfortable, letting him squirm as much as he wants until he got comfortable, and sliding a hand

over George's back.

"Wait– wait, before you sleep." George replied in a light hum, "Gimme a kiss, George."

George groaned for a moment, pulling back from Clay's shoulder and meeting his eyes. Clay had this ~~eeeky~~ confident smirk on his face, and it melted the away when George pressed a pliant kiss to his lips. His hands tightened around Clay's neck, as the other kissed him back with just as much lenience. The pair pulled away, before leaning back in for another. Their lips slide together for a series of slow kisses, something that fills Clay up with a euphoric haze.

The kisses conclude when George leans forward to place a final kiss, the last hint of consciousness leaves his eyes, and Clay gently lowers his head to his shoulder. The grip around Clay's neck loosens up, but remains humble to its place and George becomes completely pliant in his hold. For some reason, Clay needs this.

He needs these moments where George just pops in his grasp and he's allowed to bathe in this feeling of utter endearment that explode in his chest. The rush of butterflies that slide over, making him feel like he's in his first date with George all over again. Clay wants to stay in his moment, this moment as George's Clay, the one that he sheltered away from the rest of the world but the man that's warming up his chest. And he's okay with it. Hiding.

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Dream then spent the next half an hour scrolling through discord on his other screen. His set up was pretty normal, with three screens, one for his discord while the other was using for playing Minecraft. The last screen was pushed a bit away from the pair, he used it to read through chat, his PC was right next to it, on a table beside the desk.

His desk extended in a crescent manner, giving enough space for the multiple computers. His pc microphone was always extended towards his forehead, giving just enough space to hear basically everything, considering it was very sensitive. The most vibrant part was his mouse, which illuminated a neon green.

No matter how much Dream adored his setup, his most favorite part were the small titbits that were scattered all around his desk and around his screens like little trophies. Small sculptures and figurines of Minecraft characters, not to mention chocolate wrappers and lost items that hid themselves in the crinks of his table.

The little objects reminded him of George, whenever he looked at him, Clay's mind recollected to when he had gotten them as a birthday present to as George says, “ *lighten up the depressing set-up, it's lame.* ” He didn't have the heart to tell the brunette that these figurines might not make it much better, and he liked the simple set-up more. It didn't matter though, because all of the small parts of George squeezed into his life when they moved in together. It's been nearly a year since then, and by now, George had already become a part of Clay.

Dream straightened himself up, to which George responded by sinking further into his body and pressing tighter against his neck. Dream smiled to himself, just a while ago, he decided to wear headphones as not to disturb the man, and was avidly pacing around Dream SMP, with nothing much to do.

The survival multiplayer world was gaining more and more popularity by the day, and Dream was hurriedly adding more players to fill in the gaps. Recently, he had gone against two *children* in a fight for some discs that didn't matter to him too much. His character, *Dream* was a control freak in role play, he wanted complete dominance over the SMP, and Tommy and Tubbo were the only ones who often went against him.

It was entertaining, but they had reached a time where there was a pause. Currently, Tommy had messaged him about stopping lore streams for a while, and Dream agreed, considering all of their streams the past week had been nothing but lore. Dream was just running around, before looking up to see who was online. Currently, it was just a few people that he wasn't too close to, so he left it alone.

Before a small *Tommyinnit joined the game* lit up in the corner of the screen. Followed by a *Tubbo\_joined the game*. Dream smiled, pushing his chair closer to the screen, lifting one hand from George's waist to his keyboard. He turned over to his other screen, watching as a discord notification came in from Tommy.

### **TommyInnit**

hey big man, join me and tubbo?

### **Dream**

sure what vc

### **TommyInnit**

vc 2

Dream switched over to the Dream SMP group chat, scrolling to VC 2, which was already accompanied by Tommy and Tubbo. He took a deep breath, he could feel George's weight on him, as he lightly squirmed around before stopping. It didn't matter, right? It was just Tommy and Tubbo, he wouldn't really care if they found out about George. Instead of letting his thoughts collapse his brain, he simply clicked onto the call to join.

Thank *god* he was wearing his headphones, because the moment Dream had joined the call, there was also a loud voice excitedly speaking, "SO THEN, we can get trapdoors— DREAM! BIG MAN!" Tommy's voice surrounding his ears and Dream turned him down, a light wince pulsing through his mouth.

"Tommy!" He exclaimed, still a bit quiet as not to wake up George.

"Hi Dream!" Tubbo's more quiet, still enthusiastic voice reached over from the call.

"Hey Tubbo! What are you *-uh-* doing?" Dream asked, before continuing, "And what's your coords?" Tommy muttered out some coords, and Dream switched back to his other screen to try to navigate them. The pair started rambling on about how they want to create some sort of house, underground. They need materials, and also wanted to see if Dream wanted to help them find a good spot for it.

Dream knew that they just wanted him to join for company, considering they haven't talked normally in a while now but nodded along to them. He chuckled, "I'm thinking you just want me to help you get supplies through creative, yeah?"

There was silence before Tommy, with his fake, extremely "offended" voice, "How could you say that, Dream!" Tubbo resounded with a "Yeah!" and Dream laughed. He shook his head, before finally, finding them.

"*Well*, I will not be using my godly, creative powers to help you," There was a light groan shared between the best friends, "Hey! *But*, I will help you." They perked back up, and Dream smiled along with their antics as they started scavenging around. Dream paused for a moment when George squirmed again, before nuzzling his face into Dream's neck. Dream stroked his head for a moment, then turned his attention back towards the screen.

"Okay boys! Now that we have Dream, we can get started!" Tommy's voice was excitable, it brought Dream to the edges of his seat at how adorable the boy was, but. Who was he talking to?

Dream gulped, turning over to his separate screen to investigate, he searched up Twitch and realized that *Tommy was live*.

His breath caught in his throat, he scrambled his thoughts together before talking, "Uh, Tommy, are you live?"

"Yeah? Yeah I am, did you not know?" Tommy paused in his words to answer Dream and Dream huffed out a laugh.

"You didn't tell me, Tommy!" Dream's voice was light hearted, he tried to play it off as though it was nothing, watching as Tommy's chat started spamming L's in the chat, referring to him. He shook it off, suddenly George's weight seemed heavier than it was before. It wasn't too big of a deal when it was just Tommy and Tubbo, but now it's about thirty thousand people.

If George was to wake up in the middle of this live, he would definitely be heard by the mic, considering he was pushed right next to Dream. Even the smallest sound could be heard, and that scares Dream.

There's a reason to why he would never reveal George to his audience, his fans, his *stans*. He's made it clear that his sexuality reaches more farther than just straight, an ambiguous sexuality. Of course, he's stopped doubting himself a long time ago, and made it clear to himself that he wants to remain unlabeled. But still, a boyfriend? Dream knows his audience, he knows his supporters and knows that they would stick with him even if he came out as MLM, but that doesn't mean he wants to show George to the rest of the world.

Dream *loves* George, more than he can explain or even comprehend, and that's why he wants to be more selfish. He's spent ages handing out sympathy towards people who have belittled his kindness towards nothing more than another tactic to manipulate. He's spent years trying to put himself back together after toxic friendships and relationships, and he wants to be selfish for once.

So that's why — George is *his* boyfriend. Not viral youtuber Dream's — George is Clay's boyfriend. And he wants to keep it that way.

George had a habit to move around in sleep, something that annoyed but also enamored Dream due to his restlessness whenever they cuddled. Dream would always find George in a different position than the one they had started on, and this day was no different. He was constantly squirming, moving around on Dream's lap, small breaths vibrating from him.

Dream left it alone, deciding to focus on the game instead. There's no need to panic if George was still asleep, and there's also the fact that George won't be awake for a while either. He listened as Tubbo and Tommy rambled among themselves, asking Dream to *please* gather up some oak logs. Dream complied with them, considering he's been chasing after their in game characters for the past two weeks, and basically torturing them, it was the least he could do.

"Dream, they're all asking me why you're so quiet." Tommy asked, he smacked Dream in Minecraft to gain his attacked and scooted back when Dream pulled out his sword, "I yield! I yield!" Dream laughed, wheezing.

"Yeah— sorry, my roommate is asleep so I gotta be quiet." He replied, trying to escape from the dirt hole that Tubbo is digging underneath him. He pulled out his sword once again, and was replied to by Tubbo's excited squeals before he ran away from Dream.

"Okay but like, isn't it two in the afternoon for you or something?" Tubbo asked, and they continued to gather up more oak logs

"They just...have a terrible time schedule." There was pause in his words, but the others paid it no attention. Dream continued to gather up more oak logs, quickly breaking through them with his axe. He interacted occasionally, jumping into the pair's conversations and random questions that Tommy was asking from chat.

For a moment, Dream was distracted by a funny sound that Tommy had made and wheezed, before a small *tsssp* behind him and he literally *jumped*. Well not quite literally, George was still in his hold, and Dream bounced a little on his seat, a scream striking out of his throat.

There was loud laughter erupting from the pair around him, and Dream was thankful to see that he didn't die but *fuck*. The scream — no matter how deep of a sleeper George was, there was no way he slept through that. George pushed his face out of Dream's neck, his eyes opening in a fuzzy manner and his throat clearing, Dream froze.

"Shut the 'ell up, Clay." His voice was barely audible, the sleepiness fuzzies up, not to mention that he murmured it into Dream's shoulder. Chat was still freaking out, there were spams of *CLAY???* that just kept coming and Dream sighed. From chat, it didn't seem like the voice seemed close to him, meaning they didn't figure out the fact that *George is quite literally on his lap*.

Stillness until Tommy interrupted through Dream's panicked thoughts and, "Uhhh, I'll give you a minute, Dream." He finished off with a wheezy laugh and Dream quickly muted his mic. He

leaned back onto the chair and took a deep breath, while George pushed himself back into the previous embrace, squirming until Dream curled his hands tightly around him. There was a small sigh of relief and Clay smiled.

*'Course, he's half asleep, isn't he?* His question was answered when George muttered a light, "Clay, don't yell." Clay chuckled, he turned over to look at the man that was currently trying to hide himself away into Clay's shoulder. Clay kissed the corner of George's cheek, "Sorry George."

George hummed, it drowned out and he was left motionless once again. Dream sighed, relief spreading over his chest when chat was once again distracted away from him and were obsessed with whatever Tommy was doing. Dream unmuted himself, clearing his throat, "Hello?"

"Did you wake up your roommate?" Tubbo asked him, Tommy hummed along with him as a signal to ask the same. Dream rolled his eyes.

"Yeah. He wasn't too happy with that." Dream puffed his cheeks out, chewing onto the side of it to focus on his next task.

"Yeah, we heard." Tommy said, the younger than pushed his attention back towards Tubbo and start squealing over whatever they were talking about, Dream didn't really pay much attention. There was the expectations not to make any more close calls, no more mistakes that could expose the fact that Dream's boyfriend was napping in his lap.

Eventually, the live came to a conclusion. It was barely an hour, but Tommy had already message him minutes before that he was tired from school and work, and streaming as well. Dream didn't stop him, and just wished a good day for everyone. *Finally, he thought, the suspense, geez.*

It didn't take too long for George to wake up after that, the moment he started to stir, Dream muted himself and made it clear that he was playing with other people. George nodded sleepily along to it, staying quiet as he tried to get himself awake. At some point, George started to hum to himself, whatever tunes that he could think of due to pure boredom.

There was the choice of leaving Clay's comfortable presence, and distracting himself with something else but, he didn't really want it. After a while, Clay had taken off his headphones, and George could properly hear and listen onto the conversations that Clay was having with his friends. There were two distinct voices, children? Considering his tone, Clay was most likely arguing with them about something but George didn't care enough to pay attention.

"—Cut the shit, no seriously, who's there, Big C?" George giggled a little at the nickname, earning a eye roll from his boyfriend who pinched his arm. There was a loud gasp from the call.

"Seriously! What was that, like a fucking, a fucking ghost? I swear to god something just fucking like—" The teenager's sentence was continued by a voice that was even more high.

"A giggle? Was that a giggle?" Clay looked over at him, George looked back with a look of nonchalance. He lifted his eyebrow up, and George shrugged.

"Wanna say hi?" George nodded, responding with a light *mhm*. Clay usually didn't like it when he interacted with his online mutuals, but George knew some of his friends. Clay cleared his throat.

"Okay well, Tubbo, Tommy, meet George." Clay looked over at George, who finally straightened himself up against the desk, sitting up properly on Clay's thighs. He gave George an expecting look.

"Hello." Clay laughed at his one greeting. What *else was he supposed to say?*

"George is my boyfriend." George looked up from his thighs to meet Clay's eyes, who was practically shining from the way he was smiling. There was silence in the call before a loud *screech* scratched over and George winced.

"Tommy!" Clay yelled, pressing his palms over George's ears to guard over the sensitive rubber, "You okay?" He asked George in the quietest voice possible, and he nodded.

"What *was that?*" He asked his boyfriend who glared at the discord call, like it could do something.

Clay sighed, "That thing, was Tommy. TommyInnit, the kid." George faintly recalled the name, but still nodded along to Clay's words before another voice called out from the call.

"I'm Tubbo!" It was cute, a child's voice that was practically jumping out of its chair, "Nice to meet you, George."

George wanted to respond but was cut off by *TommyInnit*, "Yeah, nice to meet you. Dream *never* told us that he had a boyfriend. We could've had like a — uh, a party or something." George laughed lightly, he turned his entire body over to face the screen again and started to talk.

"I mean, I don't really like parties, but maybe." A moment of silence and then, utter chaos.

"Oh my god, you're *British*!?" And so, George met *TommyInnit* and his lovely, bee loving pal, *Tubbo*. A pair of best friends that annoyed Clay to the edge of his seat, but surprisingly entertained George long enough, so it was worth it.

Clay watched as the kids surrounded George with more and more questions eventually having him feel more burned out, and cutting into the conversation. After minutes of convincing that George will *one day* play *Minecraft* with the pair, and even live with them in the SMP, they waved their good byes.

By now, George was already in his previous position from the morning. He was sitting on the space between Clay's thighs and his desk, which was pushing into him. George turned over to look at him, a smile spreading from one side to another at the sheer excitement of meeting two of Dream's friends.

Clay watched in endearment as George basically pushed his entire body weight onto him, his mouth muttering out the plans he just envisioned with *Tommy* and *Tubbo*.

And watching his boyfriend gush over how incredibly *adorable* these children he's just met are, and how much he wants to play with them, it's all that stops Clay from smiling. The smile he reserves for his boyfriend only.

## Chapter End Notes

HELLO! it's been exactly A DAY.

okay so once again, i'm writing at unusual times of the day, it's currently 5:30 in the morning, please give me a proper time :")

okay let me start off by saying, this chapter was extremely inspired by a DNF fanart that i came across nearly two weeks ago— i think. it's the scene where george is asleep on dream and aaaaa, here it is, the beautiful [fanart](#)

the art is by @callistopt on twitter and can i just say they are So. talented so please check it out ? and give some support & love ? they were so kind to give permission to use their art as a reference, so thank you :]

so yeah , if you wanted a mental image on how that scene looks, you got one now !! thank you all for the support so far <33 i'm aware this chapter is pretty long, but honestly i struggle writing chapters that aren't long . i hope you enjoyed it despite that, and it's kinda ? not climatic ? but honestly i think that's just me being lazy

the writing is still not my best, but despite everything, i hope you enjoyed it , have a great day loves! and remember , comments & kudos are always appreciated!

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Summary

Clay and George argue over something that's been leaning George hurt for a while now — it doesn't go too well. But not to worry, BadBoyHalo is there to save the day.

### Chapter Notes

hello ! if you saw me accidentally post this and delete it on accident, no you didn't :] please read notes at the end!

light tw: panic attacks, arguing ? light angst , and i guess implied sex at the end ? it's rlly like two lines

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

At the start, it wasn't anything too big. As always, Clay and George were cuddled up in the corner of their couch, the TV was playing some random movie and acting as background noise.

Their couch, the burnt sapphire shade -*they had a lot of blue things, George was colorblind*- was being pressed down and violated at the other side of the pair, where Patches, the tabby, was using it as her personal scratching post. Before, they had tried scolding her but nothing seemed to work, considering she'd always come back with the big eyes and melt Clay's heart (George called her spoiled, Clay didn't disagree).

On the other side, cuddled into the crevices of George's arms, was Mika, a lovely, snowy grey kitten with tiger stripes. Overwhelmingly touchy for a kitten, Mika would find any chance to stuff herself into a person's warmth, taking up as much space as possible. She was pressing her nose into George's shoulder, before angling body above and squishing the side of his cheek.

"Mika, careful." George squirmed a bit, snuggling himself further into Clay's chest as Mika started to steal his personal space. Clay diverted his attention from his phone to the pair in his hands, chuckling as Mika pushed her way through all of George's barriers and earned a place on his shoulder.

George rolled his eyes and turned back towards his boyfriend, "Is something funny, Clay?" Clay's teasing smile widened, and he shook his head which earned a eye roll from the other. Soon enough,

Mika lost interest in the two of them and made her way towards Patches, to annoy her for a bit.

Clay was scrolling through twitter in a boring fashion, there was nothing new and his viewers were whining for him to go live, which he had already planned on doing later. It was a Tuesday evening, they had ordered some Mexican for lunch? it didn't really matter, since both George's and Clay's sleep schedule was messed up. Either way, they filled up their stomachs and rested themselves against the couch.

Finally, Clay was about to respond back to a tweet that he came across on his second account, it was going to be *funny* and unexpectedly mean, but that's what made it funny. He started typing out a reply when—

"Clay? How come your friends don't know about me?" He paused mid sentence while typing, and looked to his side where George was resting his head on Clay's shoulder.

He cleared his throat, and took a moment for himself, "What do you mean?"

George arched his eyebrow, "I mean," he took a deep breath, "No one online knows I'm someone right? Other than Sapnap and Bad, and I only met the kids recently." By kids, he was referring to Tommy and Tubbo, who have squeezed themselves in his heart, (weirdly).

Clay's chest was aching, just a bit, "Well, *uhh*, is there a need to?" He was stuttering with his words, and sat up to straighten his posture.

George's face twisted into one that looked nearly offended, but also a bit angry, "Well, yeah. I'm your boyfriend right? I mean, youtube is your life, why can't I see that part of you?"

"George, you're not making any sense—"

"Don't say that. You — you know that I am. You're always streaming or like, you're always tweeting and with your fans, why can't they meet me?" His voice sounded pained, but it was obvious to spot the fury that was wrapped up in those accented words.

There's a flare of bitterness that shook through Clay's chest, and it nearly made him vomit for a moment. A silence, a dampener that just unleashed a tone he didn't know he could make, "Listen. It's not that I don't want you to," *Well, I don't want you to.* "It's more like, there's no reason

to."

George was sitting up now as well, facing towards Clay, instead of the TV in front of them. He turned his body to the side to properly look at the dirty blonde in his eyes. "But there is a reason to! I'm your boyfriend, youtube — videos, they're your passion! At some point, we have to collide, right?"

Clay laughed, it wasn't a humored one, "What — are you saying one day I'll have to choose or some shit?"

"What?! When did I say that?" George shouted, for a moment, from the other side of the couch, their two cats were looking up at them. There wasn't much to be said from their feline features, but their attention was definitely hooked onto the arguing pair.

"Listen, Clay, all I'm saying is, why are you like, *I don't know*, keeping me a secret?" George asked him, and Clay paused. A secret, what?

Clay stuttered a laugh, "You! You agreed to keep this private! You literally said that you were fine with this being private!"

George rolled his eyes in exaggeration, "Yeah, when we first started dating. It's been like, a year and a half! By now, come on, how much longer Clay?" He stopped for a moment, before a striking, painful tone collapsed through his voice, "Clay, are you *ashamed* of me?" There were frustrated tears in his eyes, even Clay could spot them and usually in these moments, he would melt. George had the ability to never keep him angry, or even sad for too long, he'd forgive him or apologize in a heartbeat. But this conversation — it was just pure *bullshit*.

There was nothing going through his mind than over dramatic anger, and nothing stopped Clay from spitting out the next words, "What the fuck? Why do you have to make a big deal out of this? Where did this even come from? What is—" *Shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up*, "—wrong with you?" There was a halt in his words from a series of whimpers, broken sounds from the others and Clay finally looked through his window of red.

George was — he was close to tears. His lips were tightened, as not to break just yet, and there was clear drops that were filled up in his eyes, threatening to break like a dam hiding behind rushing water. Clay sighed, his anger had melded down, but he wasn't going to apologize, this wasn't his wrong to right. Or at least, he thinks it's not.

George cleared his throat, maybe to gain a better tone but it didn't do anything to simplify the utter *loss* in his voice, "I — I'm going to get t-to bed."

Clay watched the man get up from their corner spot, a flash of regret rushing through his chest, "George—" It didn't do anything as the brunette quickly got up, and made his way towards their shared bedroom. The two cats, specifically Mika followed his steps and Patches followed right behind, both running after the crying man. In the stillness, Clay could hear the light slamming of a door, and got up.

George had slammed himself into the door, and judging from the disappearance of the cats as well, they've gotten in with him. Clay rolled his eyes, *traitors*, he thought to himself bitterly. He took a few steps towards the door, *their door*, and knocked. He ceased, before calling out, "I'm ready to talk about this when you are, try to understand what I mean, George."

Clay waited for a few minutes, but George's *stubbornness* was always catching the better of him and soon, there was a stinging annoyance left in his heart. He knocked for the final time, "Fine. Be upset. I'm going to be streaming." Still not given an answer, Clay decides that this is probably not currently worth it, and walks off to his own streaming bedroom. If George wants to give him the silent treatment, then *fine*, so can he.

---

First, he had planned on streaming. But there was still splatters of anger and pure astonishment on what had happened. Clay was left, essentially speechless. He had no idea what drove the brunette to suddenly doubt him like that, and had no idea why he was acting so upset over something that he won't even try to understand. George was stubborn, it wasn't anything unknown, but he was never this stubborn.

George had the habit of whining every time he wanted something to go his way, and Clay had gotten used to it. Which wasn't bad or to say, because it was never anything serious, but at the end of the day, Clay couldn't just let him get away with anything. He had made some blanca the accusations about Clay *did he really though?* some that came out of absolutely nowhere *or was it justifiable?* and it made Clay upset.

Strangely, there was still a part of him that thought otherwise. That made him think, maybe George is right. There would a part of him that agrees with everything that George has said, but never to say Clay was *ashamed* of him, of them. George wouldn't try to understand, and that wasn't fair to Clay.

So instead of streaming, he decided to see who was live and join them instead. He went on Twitchlive, before realizing that BadBoyHalo was live and quickly clicking onto it. Considering it was an awkward time of the day, the only ones that were prominent in his stream was Tommy, and they were discussing something about.. cursing? Dream laughed to himself, he needed to save Bad from this devil child.

He quickly messaged Bad onto discord, asking to join their call. Within minutes, he received a reply and a VC to join. He put on his headphones, and waited for them to sync with his computer before logging onto the VC. For a moment, his headphones didn't register anything before a loud shout was the only thing filling his ears— *Tommy*.

"BIG C!!!!" Tommy yelled, and Dream winced, just a little bit. Perhaps it was the argument earlier, but the usual fondness that he gains for Tommy's shouts wasn't filling his heart as always. There was a bit of annoyance spreading through the inches of his heart, and he tightly his hand onto his mouse. Dream cleared his throat and Bad also greeted him.

"Hey Tommy, Bad. What're you doing?" Dream asked, nonchalantly, his left hand reaching over to pull his mic closer to his face. He straightened himself up in the chair and leaned against it, comfortably. While he was preparing himself up, Tommy and Bad were arguing over what to tell him first.

"Okay— okay, me first! Dream, Big D, listen," Dream laughed, a wheeze caught in his throat as Tommy paused, trying to fix through on what he said wrong.

"Tommy! Tommy, *don't*—" A loud wheeze, "—call me Big D!" There was a moment of stillness before Tommy began disagreeing at a loud volume, screaming "NO! NO!" again and again, and it flushed up Dream to his core. Bad was in the background speculating on what it meant, and it was making Dream stuff up all of his laughter and release it in a series of violent wheezes.

The energy eventually died down, and that feeling of dread churned through Dream's chest, he felt like he was sinking in his own seat. He needed to distract himself, think about anything other than George, crying in their bedroom, over Dream being an asshole. Dream cleared his throat, listening as Tommy tried to defend himself onto why he was bothering Bad, and how Bad was treating him unfairly.

It was weirdly domestic to listen to, like two cousins arguing with each other, or *something*? Dream wasn't really paying attention, too much. The voices were drowning down, and he felt himself drifting further and further away from his conscious state of mind. He tapped his feet uncomfortably against the floor, something he'd gained from his ADHD, always needing to do something with his hands / feet or feeling extremely unsettled.

The thoughts were stuffing through his head, and rushing out into a pile of genuine worry. What was — what the fuck was going on with him? It didn't take too long, before he needed to take proper breaths, following a rhythm to try to gain his settled heart back. In that moment, Bad pulled him out.

"—eam? Dreammm?" Bad was humming, like a soft tune, and Dream responded with a "Huh?" There was a light slam against a desk, like excitement from winning a game.

"There you are! Me and Tommy have been calling your name for a while, y'know." Bad explained as Dream started to get feeling back to his body, and being his heartbeat down to a normal, going still to check for everything.

"Yeah—" *Lord, he stuttered*, "I'm fine, just a little, like, dizzy?" Neither Tommy or Bad said anything, so Dream straightened himself up, trying to decide whether or not to lunge his hoodie off of his body, he was sweaty. It was a bit damp, considering how much stress he was draining out of his body.

"I don't know, I think I'm just in kind of a bad mood," There was a noise of affirmation from Bad, before a notification popped up from Discord. Before Dream could hover over it to check it out, Tommy said something that nearly sent Dream to the edge of his seat.

"What's up, Big C? Did you fight with your girlfriend or something?" With his British accent, the *girlfriend* part of it seemed emphasized, and a fury shook itself up from Dream's chest, taking it apart before he could stop himself any further.

"Shut up, Tommy." It was direct, it seemed cold, it seemed *annoyed*. The moment the words flew from his mouth, Dream immediately regretted it. His mouth was left open for a while, not knowing what to say next, but deciding it to follow it up with a nervous laugh, "At least, I can get a *girlfriend*." For comedic purposes, he pronounced the subject in a British accent and in a moment, the awkward tone was gone from the atmosphere.

Tommy once again, started erupting at Dream's claim, starting to nag onto about having *multiple girlfriends* but Dream received a couple more Discord notifications. He clicked onto them, realizing that Bad was reaching out to him, and that's why he was oddly quiet in the call.

Are you okay? Wanna talk about it?

Hey woah that was serious

You sounded like a mad muffin

You wanna private call Dream?

### **Dream**

aren't you live?

### **BadBoyHalo**

I was going to end it in a few minutes

I have somewhere to go in an hour

Dream thought about it for a moment, should he really be worrying Bad with this? George and him have disagreed before, they've argued plenty, but it was difficult for him to properly see George's point of view in his situation. Perhaps it was because he was too clouded in his own judgement, but Dream needed some advice.

### **Dream**

yeah okay, call me when ur done

im gonna leave before i snap again

Dream muttered a good bye to Bad'a stream, saying that he forgot to do something urgent, and made promises to stream soon. He also wished Tommy good bye, which he responded with a childish whine and an "*Already?*" Dream didn't pay it too much attention, and left the call with them.

To his surprise, the call had read 15:21, meaning though his mind had diverted the time to two minutes, he had been calling them for more than fifteen. No wonder it was strange, Dream never stayed quiet for that long, hopefully his fans won't overanalyze any of this. But, even if they do overanalyze, they'll probably be pretty close.

It didn't take too long before Bad had called him privately in their own chat, and Dream took a deep breath, and clicked onto it. A moment of silence, before Bad's profile vibrated with a ring of color around it and he started talking, his tone soft and kind. Something Dream has always valued

about Bad was that he understood people's boundaries, he never pushed for anything the other didn't want, and he was grateful for that. It was nice to have someone who wasn't pushy around you.

"Dream, hey, are you okay?" Dream gulped, before signing, "Oh well, that doesn't sound too good." Dream nodded despite know that Bad wouldn't be able to see him acknowledge his words but still, he wasn't sure where to begin or even how to begin.

"Is it about George?" *Bingo*. Bad asked him. There was teasing tone in his voice, probably not meaning any harm, but still stinging a part of him to realize that his friend assumed Dream would never argue with his own boyfriend.

"It's...we had a fight, Bad." Saying it out loud—the words felt a bit dry in his throat. He wasn't sure how else to phrase it so he called it off as a fight, but it was more of a simple argument, something that all couples have. Despite that, there was still the lingering guilt that makes Dream's heartbeat phase up and down in an unhealthy manner.

"Oh." Bad replied, "Well, wanna talk about it?" Dream once again, nodded, knowing that Bad can't see him, maybe it was a habit he never noticed? He started to recollect the moments from earlier, before spilling it forward to Bad in messy words. Everything that George has said, what's led up to all of this, everything that Dream had replied with before snapping at him, *everything*.

"It's just—it's not fair, Bad. He didn't try to understand what I wanted too, and I don't know, *it doesn't seem right*." He finished off with that, which earned a simple hum from Bad. Dream felt a disappointing frown spread across his face, was he expecting more than just a hum and agreement? Perhaps, some judgement?

"Well. George is right, isn't he?" Bad finally replied, and Dream's jaw fell to the freaking floor.

"What?" He asked, panic rushing through the edges of his voice, "What do you mean?"

"I mean, Dream. You *have* been dating for what? More than a year now? I'm surprised that you haven't gone public about it now." Bad explained, and it did make sense. But that's not the point of view that Dream had, it was something else, the selfish parts of him that wanted George to himself.

"Yeah but—okay that's not the point. I mean, he didn't even try to understand what I wanted—"

"Did you even tell him what you wanted?" Bad asked, "Sorry, I cut you off but, I mean, did you even talk to him about what you want then? Like why you won't go public."

Dream scoffed, "Well, of course I—" Dream's words cut off, letting himself run off to his thoughts and thinking back onto what happened earlier. A bitter taste spread across his tongue. *Oh, he didn't.*

"Judging from the silence, I guess I was right." Bad sighed, "Listen Dream, you can't expect George to understand what you want if you don't tell him. I get it, you're boyfriends, but he can't read your mind."

Dream nodded to Bad's words, the realization finally settling in, "I know it seems like I'm on George's side on this but, think about how it might make him feel, Dream. I can't judge his feelings for him but it must hurt, right?"

Dream thought about it, their relationship being kept as a secret from the rest of the world. There was nothing tying Dream and *Clay* together, two different personas, two different people. Somehow, George was caught in the middle. There was a clear difference on how George made him feel apart from other people, how clearly *thankful* he was for George's presence. That constricting pain in your chest that your partner might not feel the same for you, that they want to hide you away. Keep you away from their world because they won't want you in it. It brings vomit to Dream's throat, to even assume that. But the Brit was right earlier, he didn't want to show George to the world.

Not because he was ashamed of George, that wasn't possible. That could *never be true*. It was—

"Dream."

"Huh?" Bad knocked him out of his own head, and Dream finally took in his surroundings. The worn down gaming chair, along with the pale wallpaper of the room. The curtains dulled down to match with the atmosphere and emotions of the house—it was too full.

"Bad," Dream started, his hands were gripping tightly onto his headphones, his feet were about to jump out of the seat, "I'll talk to you later. Thank you Bad, really man."

Bad replied with encouragement and Dream shut off the call within seconds, letting his feet travel him back to the familiar room, *their room*. In a moment, the confidence he had a minute before

shattered, Clay was standing there. His hands were trembling, and his legs were about to give in to the floor. The sweatpants he was wearing were starting to feel oddly uncomfortable and his own hoodie was suffocating.

After a few moments of breathing exercises, he lifted his hand up, pausing before his knuckles collide with the wood of the door. Taking a deep breath, he knocked, *knock knock, knock knock*. Gulping down his anxiety, Clay cleared his throat and called out for his boyfriend, "George? I'm coming in."

There wasn't a reply, so he decided to take a bet and opened the door. He expected it to be locked, but it opened with the same *creak* it always does and it lightened the mood, *does he have a chance?*

Clay squeezed himself between the opened door, stepping in just a little bit to navigate through the room. At his feet were Mika and Patches, who were scurrying around to reach over Clay's feet and leave the room, they had been trapped in there for a while now. Once they made their depart, Clay noticed the lump on the bed, all cuddled up and present.

It looked oddly...lonely. George. *George*. The figure on the bed flinched a little bit, and Clay noticed that he had spoken out his name clearly, his thoughts losing the separation from his mind to his mouth. Shaking his head, Clay shut the door behind him quietly, as not to startle George any further. He walked over to the bed in a slow pace, almost like approaching an injured doe.

Finally, he sat down at the edge of the bed when he reached it. Their bed, with its large, squishy headboard, was a king sized that was pushed against the wall into a corner. George had the habit to squirm so much, that he tends to fall off of beds quite much. So instead, him and Clay would be dosing off together in the bed, with George settled towards the side of the wall while Clay held him in his arms.

Even now, George was squished against the wall again. A part of Clay wanted to think it was habit, and find it endearing, but a deeper part of him wanted to think that he wanted to be far away from the dirty blonde as possible. It hurt his heart.

Clearing his throat, Clay laid down onto the bed, picking himself up from the corner of the bed and turning over to face George's back. *Slumped down. Lonely. Tired.*

Before Clay could stop himself, he inches closer towards George's body, before completely pressing up against it. He wrapped a hand around his waist, pulling him into Clay's chest, which earned a tiny whimper from the smaller who was surprised from the sudden embrace. Everything finally, felt a bit too much.

He wasn't sure what else to say, so Clay turned his head into George's neck, pressing a light kiss, "I'm sorry." And like that, his words fell apart. They broke, like bricks on a wall built from cheap cement, but his feelings were far from cheap.

"I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to get mad at you, I didn't mean to make you cry— George, I don't want you to cry over a fucking *asshole* like me, I'm so sorry," His eyes were tearing up, "I'm not *ashamed* of you, not once have I ever wanted nothing but to show you off, George I love you, I adore you. I don't want to hide you, I don't want to keep you as some secret from everyone and—"

Sure, he was apologizing, but he wasn't giving the proper reasoning towards it, so Clay attempted to explain, "The thing is, I don't want to hide you. I just — I want you for myself okay? I have to share everything with the rest of the word as *Dream*, but when it's you, *god*, when it's you, George. I want you all to myself, all mine. All *Clay's*." By now, tears were littering down his cheeks, they weren't fast flowing or aggressive but from the constant stammering in his tone, it wasn't too difficult to notice

Clay stopped talking, stopped everything, stuffing his face into George's shoulder and wetting it with his tears. Finally, the body that he wrapped himself around moved. From under the duvet, George had squirmed itself out, coming up to cup Clay's cheek. His hand rubbed against Clay's cheekbone with his thumb for a few seconds, wiping out some tear drops that dared to escape. Clay clearly leaned into the desperate touch, pushing himself further in from George's back but tried not to think too much of it.

The hand disappeared moments later, before the body as a whole, turned over to face Clay. *George*. His eyes were too blurry to proper make out all the features of George's face, but his lips were held together tightly, and there was a sympathetic gaze in his eyes, not to mention the tear streaks that led down his cheeks which made Clay's heart *throb*. *He made him cry*.

George cleared his throat, giving a dainty smile and sighing, "Yeah. You were an *asshole*," a sniffle from Clay who was practically frozen. George's returned back to Clay's cheek, sipping away the tears that were now only slowly dribbling from his eyes, "But don't cry, Clay." *Oh dear*, George despite being quite stubborn, is always willing out to comfort Clay, in the dearest of the times and that's, that's not fair.

Clay nodded, sniffling and rubbing at his eyes at a furious pace before blinking tightly, and pressing his forehead against George's. He wasn't sure why he was getting so emotional over this, an apology and explanation was all he needed to deliver but, there was a part of his heart that was pushing past all of the logic from earlier, erupting out his sensitive feelings in the worst way possible. This tended to happen whenever they had an argument, sure, George would get emotional or just made over it, but when it came to making up, Clay would get too hung up in it and his

feelings would just slip over and explode. Either in anger, frustration, or just simple sadness.

Once he had calmed down, Clay could see that George was waiting for an explanation without dainty tears. Their foreheads were no longer pressed together, but they were cuddled up into each other's space. Clay cleared his throat, "I'm sorry." George nodded and he continued, "Saying all of that — I was being such an asshole. I shouldn't have expected you to understand what I wanted if I never told you. I think — the reason I started getting angry was being you were telling the truth."

George bit his lip, a saddened look coming over his eyes before he replied, "So you are, uh embarrassed—"

Clay stopped him in his words, "No! No, I can never be embarrassed or ashamed of you, never."

George gave him a look that says, *Then why?* and Clay cleared his throat to take a moment to explain.

"I guess. I don't want to show you to other people. I mean, yeah, Dream and Clay are different, I'm different than how I am online, you know that." George nodded slowly as he continued, "But I put all of my time into being Dream. I mean honestly, George, I have close to no boundaries when it comes to online, I'm okay with basically *anything*. Or well most things. I give almost all of the parts of myself to the people online, to all of my viewers and stans. I just—I guess I want something that's just for Clay. That's you, I guess." His voice cracked a little at the end and he shuffled his feet u comfortably on the bed.

George took his time to think through this, trying to understand everything that Clay was saying and in a moment, he realized it didn't make much sense to him. "But Clay," George started, "You are Dream, you know that right?" Clay blinked at him, clearly lost before his face twisted into one of pure confusion that earned a giggle from his boyfriend.

"No I *mean*, you are Clay, yeah. But you're also Dream, it's part of you. Clay, I can also be Dream's, it's still you." George wanted to make sense, but it was clear to see that Clay was still struggling to comprehend the point he was trying to make. George sighed, "Okay listen, yeah, you reveal yourself a lot to your public, I can see it. But what you need to understand is that Dream and Clay aren't two separate personalities, you're still the same person."

Clay nodded, and George continued, "I don't even think I'm making sense but, I watch your videos Clay. All of your manhunts and your funny coding ones, *hell* I code half of your stuff. The way you are as Dream and as Clay, I don't see the difference much really. Maybe with me, you might get a tad softer," Clay flushes up at that, "but parts of Dream is in Clay and vice versa."

"Oh."

George nodded, "Oh yeah, listen Clay. I understand that you don't want me to show me to your stans and followers because then I won't be only yours anymore. Then I'll be Dream's too, and in a way that means, I'm everyone's. But, you know, I wouldn't mind being Dream's," Clay's breath caught in his chest and George held his cheek in his hand, pressing a light kiss to his boyfriend's lips, "I still love Dream. Your youtube, your streaming, Minecraft, it means a lot to you. And Clay — *Dream*, I want to be part of that. I want to be part of the thing that makes you happy, that makes you smile stupid."

"But— George that's you." He couldn't stop himself from saying it, and George rolled his eyes.

"Oh shut up, you are so — ugh anyways listen. I love Dream just as much as I love Clay, and it'd be really nice if," George reached down to grasp Clay's hand tightly, "I could be Dream's too."

Clay answered with a moment of silence, George had just said out his feelings to him, the same feelings he couldn't properly explain and he did it perfectly. So what now? Clay has always had trouble separating Dream from Clay, and who is who. But with George, it always came easy. He knew when to slip from his personality to tend to George's needs and love, but Dream and Clay are the same? There was tingling feeling in his chest as he gripped onto George's hand tighter. He's right. There was never too much a point, hiding George away from a large part of his life when he was the most important person to Clay.

He sighed, finally cutting through the sharp stillness and giving a fragile smile towards the brunette, "Okay. I want you to be Dream's too, but — but. You still have to like Clay better, okay?"

George chuckled, reaching his hands out to hug Clay tightly, who responded with his own embrace, wrapping his hands around George's waist. George stilled, "Okay but, what you said earlier. I'm still upset at you."

Clay winced, "Yeah, I'm..I'm sorry." The burst of anger from earlier made him more guilty towards his situation. He never meant to be so cruel towards George, nor did he mean to say such shitty things. So instead, he let his hands wander up the back of George's shirt, smoothing his hand over his back.

He placed a kiss on the corner of George's jaw, before looking up with a cheeky grin, "Anything I

can do to make it up?"

George's cheeks flushed up in the matter of seconds, the scarlet traveling up to his cheeks and his eyes widening just a bit, he swatted Clay's hand away from his back, "Clay, we are *not* having make up sex! It's four in the afternoon!"

Clay rolled his eyes, "Okay fine, *buzzkill*, I'll leave it off till tonight." George responded with an angry grumble and he laughed, a light wheeze excusing out of his throat. He cupped onto George's cheek, inching closer to his boyfriend's face and kissing his lips fully. He pulled away, "Instead, how about we think of some ways we can involve you more with my streams and videos, hm?" George responded with a small smile, stuffing his face into Clay's embrace.

"I like that idea, keep them coming." That called for nothing more than an chill discussion, there's much more to talk about, more things to acknowledge and think about but, *they'll get to it*.

And the next morning, Clay wakes up with George's naked limbs wrapped all around him, with his face snuggled into the corners of Clay's neck and the light humming of his chest, shaking Clay's core with every breath he takes. The morning is threatening to sink in through their windows, and he could hear the chirps of tiny birds trying to grasp his attention. George is in his arms, and *Dream* reaches up his hand to take some hair out of his lover's face, pinching the side of his cheeks, playfully. George's face contorts into one of annoyance, before settling back into the drowsy, his eyelashes calming down from the violent crinkling.

Dream grabs onto his phone, immediately going onto Twitter to tweet out a *good morning* :), his notifications blow up by hundreds as his stans start to acknowledge his existence. Within seconds, he receives a notification from TommyInnit, who replied to his tweet, it says *Finally made up with your girlfriend huh?* Dream rolls his eyes, Tommy already knew he had a boyfriend, but he found it fun to rile his followers up. He decides to be a bit cheeky, making a little mischievous and responds with, *something like that*.

George whines, his hands sliding over Clay's naked waist and pushing himself closer into his boyfriend's embrace, *if that was even possible anymore*. Clay takes that as a sign to toss his phone away across the bed, devoting his attention to the man whose squirming in his sleep. He already knows that his followers are freaking out but, he can deal with that another day.

Clay curls his arms back over George waist and when he whines, he whispers a little "Hush," and George finally settles back down. He paints quiet little circles over George's exposed back, noting the love bites that are scattered all over his neck and torso, humming along to a soft song. *Yeah. It is a good morning.*

## Chapter End Notes

hello hello HI???? first of all: THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL THE FUCKING LOVE AND KIND COMMENTS!!! this is my first dnf fanfic that i've ever published and in all honesty: i have like 7 other fics in work :" LETS GOO THANK YOU SO MUCH! honestly, all of your support has been my anchor to continue on this fic because i struggle with writing works with multiple chapters. so. thank you. it's been beyond amazing waking up every morning, and seeing new comments and love and gosh. thank you so much. :[ i hope you all enjoy this chapter!!

next line of business : sorry for being a few days late ! currently i'm in school and failing all of my classes (well 4 of them) so i need to get my shit back together <: so i've been doing that! but other than that! i actually suck at writing angst . i can write it when i'm in a bad mood but i was too happy to properly write it as angsty as possible so :] either ways i hope you liked it !! personally speaking, my favorite part is the end where george comforts clay cause like , listen. it's so fluffy. i'm falling in love with my own fic. i hope you liked it .

AND FINALLY! i'm not sure you've noticed but i switch from dream to clay depending on whose he with. kinda like two different personalities ? like just metaphorically, i mean. i refer to him as clay, when he's with george, and as dream when he's streaming or with his online friends . i have trouble switching between them too much, so i just established certain times for them, so. yeah. some penny for your thoughts :] ALSO MIKA IS GEORGE'S CAT. patches is obviously Dream's, but like irl. Mika is george's cat :]

did you read ALL OF THIS?? cool!!!! you get a cookie!!!!!! thank you for reading this, and for being here , i love you. and i hope you all have a wonderful day ahead of you . i'll get the next chapter out soon !! mwah , lots of love! and idk if you noticed . but the song dream is humming at the end is softly by clairo, AKA the song that i got the inspo for this fic from so yeah. please check that song out because it's so precious.

ps. i'm currently writing this note in math class so, if something doesn't make sense, pls understand that in one ear i'm learning about rational exponents while writing a note about my fanfiction in my other ear .

AND OH MT GOD THIS IS SO LONG IM SORRY HAVE A NICE DAY, idk how i wrote a longer chapter and note from my last one :[ !! also kudos and comments are always appreciated !

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Summary

Snippets of George's little cameos in Dream's streaming and interactions with his friends, they're endearing really.

### Chapter Notes

heloooooo! it's been a while ! read till the end and the notes ! mwah

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream was tired, if anything exhausted. He had been streaming for the past two hours, but oddly that wasn't what was pulling his attention away. It was his separation anxiety that was oddly pricking at the corner of his skin since that morning.

George had been asleep all day, if not more. He usually didn't sleep too long, maybe ten hours or a bit more but he's been asleep for nearly thirteen and Clay was losing his mind. Dream wouldn't call himself clingy, but not being able to hear your own boyfriend's who you live and breathe for more than half a day *sucks*. Due to Dream's busy schedule the day before and George's new coding, they weren't able to spend too much time together then either.

However, George was currently helping developing something, completely taking control of the coding behind it so he was exhausted and swamped with work. So when his boyfriend, mind you, his *narcoleptic* boyfriend had finally gotten some shut eye after nearly a month of hard work, he wasn't going to wake George up because he was needy for cuddles. That doesn't mean he can't complain.

Instead, Dream decides to pour out his anger towards the live he was currently doing. He was just speedrunning for fun, Sapnap was keeping him company for a while but also fell asleep, ending the call on Dream. All of his best friends (including Dream) had the oddest time schedules, Sapnap especially now that he was spending more and more time with Karl.

Dream was left to talk to chat, who were spamming some new copypasta, before he called them off for it. He hummed a song to himself, watching as chat started spamming again, because he was *humming*. "Okay chat." He started, "Let's seeeee, I think this is a bad spawn." He turned his

Minecraft character around, looking around him in Third Person mode, "Woahh, yeah, definitely a bad spawn."

Chat started to calm down for a bit as Dream started a new world, he was mostly reading some parts of Chat out loud, answering questions here and there when there was a knock at the door. Immediately, Dream's heart thumped with an *ache*, and he called out, "Come in! I'm streaming though."

He added that in the end, just in case. This was the first time he properly acknowledged anyone's presence in the comfort of his streaming room, and of course it had been George. Chat was exploding with questions of *Who is it? WHO? HUHHH?? IS SOMEONE IN HIS ROOM?1!?*

It didn't take too long before the presence had walked in, and quietly shut the door behind him. Dream hummed, turning over to give George's sleepy self a small smile. George gave him a smile back, the usually dark room was lit up by the LED lights that were scattered across the walls, erupting into sparks of light. George dropped forward a bit, before dragging himself over to the bed and Dream laughed at the sleepy-clumsiness.

"Sorry guys," He laughed towards the screen, before looking back at Chat, "My roommate is here."

It wasn't hard for Chat to put two and two together, especially since Tommy '*fight with your girlfriend?*' fiasco had gone through and Chat was already catching up. Most of them were saying, *GF GF GF GF?? DREAM GIRLFRIEND??* while others stayed numb and just continuing spamming.

Dream laughed along to it, paying minimal attention to chat which was clearly suspicious, and playing the game once again. Having George's clear presence in the room suddenly made him more comfortable, more willing to be there. George mostly remained quiet, before a small meow made its way into the room.

Patches jumped onto the bed, Clay could see it from the corner of his normal camera. She jumped on, before curling herself into the corner of George, practically begging him to pet her. George complied of course, and it was clearly a sight that Clay would love to be a part of.

It wasn't too difficult for the giggles and laughs from George to be heard for the rest of the word, as Clay started screaming about *IS THAT YOUR GIRLFRIEND?? i heard laughs . THAT GIGLE WAS SO CUTE WAS THAT YOU????* Either way, Chat was going bonkers.

Dream decided to end it there, "Okay guys, I'll be going now." He muttered some good byes, giving the usual I love you's and thanking them all for being able to join and talk to him. It was truly fun, if not something he loved doing, but he really, desperately needed a break.

After turning off the stream and double checking that everything was turned off, George finally called out for him, "Well that was anticlimactic." Clay rolled his eyes, standing up from his chair and making his way towards the bed. Patches was still there, but more cuddled into George's chest, purring softly as his boyfriend rubbed into her neck.

"Oh shut up," Clay crawled into the bed, moving closer as George made more space for him. Patches was disturbed from her purring, and looked at Clay like she was going to throw a tantrum before looking back towards George in pleas, as in *How dare you? My human.* Clay shook his bed, rubbing over Patches' ears.

"You're spoiling her more, y'know." He said, and George just stuck his tongue out.

"That's okay. She should be spoiled." Clay muttered a sarcastic *ha ha ha* before leaning forward and pressing a kiss against George's lips. George pulled away, turning over to rest on his back as Patches crawled herself into the corner of George's shoulder, pulling away from Clay's side. Clay scooted closer, finding George's hand and connecting their fingers together.

He pulled his boyfriend's soft, careful hands up to his lips, pressing small kisses at the back which earned low laughs from the aforementioned.

"I missed you," He whispered, and George's sleepy smile was the perfect reply.

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"I'm awa-ay-ay-ay-akeee!" George was singing along to some stupid, possibly repeating tune of his and Clay stuffed himself deeper into his pillow. He turned over, pulling the blankets over him but that earned nothing more than a huff from his boyfriend.

"Clayyyyy," A loud, resounding whine, "Pleaseeee, you said you'll make breakfast with me today." Grubby hands pulled off the blanket on his face before they wrapped around his neck in a tight embrace.

"George, *offfff!* It's basically like, afternoon anyways. Just make yourself lunch," He paused, before closing his eyes shut, "Leave me aloneeee." He squirmed to get George off of him, but that earned nothing more than more whining from his boyfriend. The brunette was planting kisses into Clay's neck, hoping to grab his attention but was given nothing.

George pulled up from Clay's neck, balancing both of his arms on either sides of Clay's body before staring into his eyes, "You. *Promised.*" He emphasized on the last word, Clay rolling his eyes. Clay wrapped his hand around the waist of the man on top of him, turning them over onto the bed, before George was below him instead.

He bumped his forehead against George's lightly, "Fine. But I'm going back to sleep after this." He didn't register the kiss that George was leaning into, and instead got up from the bed. Clay stretched his body, flexing his arms before scratching at the side of his neck.

Clay was basically shirtless, he doesn't even remember when he woke up overnight and decided to throw out his sweatshirt but, he didn't regret it. Florida can be sweaty, Florida can be so *damn* overwhelming, and someone George was still covered up in his layers of hoodies? How? It didn't make sense to Clay.

George was pouting, just slightly from the (mistakenly) ignored kiss but played it no mind as he got up from the bed, grasping onto both of Clay's hands and dragging him out of the room. Clay let himself get dragged, walking along the soft carpet while yawning.

In their Kitchen, things were scattered but weirdly organized on the kitchen island however George pleases it to be. There was flour, eggs, and multiple other items and their two cats were waiting at the bottom to pounce onto the counter, to watch their owners cook after what seems to be nearly a month.

Once they stepped into the kitchen, they got to work. Well, more like, *Clay* got to work. Lord knows that George can't even make eggs to save his life, Clay does most of the work while George acts as moral support or hands him things. George plops himself at one of the kitchen island stools, picking up both of their cats and sticking them in between a pan and a bowl on the island.

Patches immediately starts meowing, she pushes herself close into George's hold until he complies and starts to pet her, while Mika decides to explore the island until Clay catches her at the other

side.

"You know George," Clay begins, petting Mika behinds her ear as she starts to purr, lovingly, "Cooking together means that you have to actually do something."

George pouts, bringing Patches up to his chest in clear defense as she scrambles in his hold, "Well, I can help if you want to burn down the kitchen. Tell me Clay, your beautiful, marble kitchen."

Clay shutters at that, he looks back at the stove, and at the kitchen faucet that had to be replaced the last time George even got his hands remotely close to cooking. He shakes his head instead, earning a giggle from his boyfriend. "Fine." He decides, and learns forward the counter to plant a kiss, pressing their lips together.

George returns it, before contorting his face into one of joking disgust, "Grosssss, brush your teeth!"

Clay rolled his eyes, finally releasing Mika from his hold so she can continue to explore the great beyonds that is their kitchen island, "I'll do that after *I* make *you* *your* pancakes." George just widely smiles at that, his eyes crinkling from hump ur and Clay warms up at that. *It was cute.*

They continue on with their pancakes, Clay mixing everything up while George hands his things, goes through his phone, or devotes his attention to Patches who started whining. Eventually, Clay starts to pour the pancake batter onto the pan, ready to flip them over when a call comes over from the living room, where George had decided to find refuge earlier.

"Clay! Clay! Look, *come here!*" George yells, the sound echoing through the house, and Clay nods.

"One minute!" Clay flips over the pancake, before turning it over to a plate. He keeps the stove on medium, but leaves the pan bare for now. While walking to the living room, Clay can hear George going *awww* in the quietest voice possible and it humors him.

And he's met with the sweetest sight. Patches was asleep, on her back, with her body widely spread out across the recliner couch. Her two paws were holding up at her torso, and her head was tilted to the right. The cutest part however, was the fact George's hands were gently pressed to both sides of her cheek, but she instead leaned into it, purring softly in her sleep. George was scratching her as

slow as possible, a concentrated smile on his face.

Clay walks over next to George, who is on the ground on his knees, and pushed against the corner of the couch. "Aw," He says, "Poor girl must've been tired, yeah?" George nods along to his statement, laughing at bit when she purrs a bit too loudly for a moment.

Clay grabs onto George's phone who had been abandoned at the side of the couch, he snaps a quick picture of Patches practically *melting* in George's palms before kissing his cheek.

"I'll have the pancakes ready in a bit, yeah?" George nods, quick to devote his attention back to Patches. Clay smiles, returning back to his station to finish up the pancake batter for his boyfriend, a warmth crawling up his chest at the domestic sight from before.

Later, when their bellies are full with pancakes and maple syrup, and Clay finally put on a shirt and brushed his teeth, he decides to post the picture.

**dream** @dreamwastaken • 10m

patches is a sleepy one

[ *attached is the picture of Patches, spread across a blue couch on her back, with her head being gently held by two hands. the hands were smaller than Dream's, the fingers were thinner and looked more delicate than his. the wrists were smaller, and looked just so, small. Patches was leaning into the two hands, as they gently pet her under her eyes.* ]

It didn't take his fans too long to realize that those hands were not Dream's, so instead, his... girlfriend's? He supposes that they did look small, but not really too feminine? How they came to that conclusion? Dream could never say.

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There comes a day when Dream mysteriously gets sick, he's coughing lightly in the background of Sapnap's stream, while the other is playing bedwars with Bad and Karl.

Chat is, of course, endlessly worrying over Sapnap's health and it seems like his friends are doing the same. Sapnap clears his throat, before asking, "Dream, you good?"

Dream laughs at that, before the sudden vibration changes into a light cough and he sighs, "Yep. I'm just like, a little sick." Bad expresses his feelings towards that, giving Dream some gracious advice on how to get better and how to be more careful while Karl just snorts along with it.

"How'd you get sick anyways?" He asks, and Dream pauses.

"Honestly I have no idea, it's like winter in Florida and it's not even that cold." Dream shrugs, but then realizes that they probably can't see that. He's stuffed up in his bed, with his back pressed up against a pillow while he's watching and partaking in Sapnap's stream on his laptop.

Originally, he was supposed to go to sleep, he even promised George he would, but coughing every time he even bothered to lay his head down was infuriating, so Dream left it aside. He pulled his attention back towards the chat, which was also expressing kindness towards him, giving him *i hope you feel better* and being hilarious dramatic.

Dream chuckled, "Thanks for worrying Chat, but I'm fine. I'll be okay. It's just a fever and cough." *A terrible fever and cough*, and to think he was going to stream today. It would've been a disaster, and anyone can agree with that.

Eventually, the other three fall back into the rhythm of the game, talking about random topics while Dream joins once in a while, and mostly is just a presence in the background.

He gets startled however, when there's a light knock at the door. Clay turns his head over to the door, which decides to open on its own and it's George at the other side. He's in a t-shirt that's three sizes too big for him *probably Clay's* and pajama pants that are so overly used, and Clay smiles. In his hands is a tray that has a big, red porcelain bowl, emitting light smoke and the scent of chicken broth.

"Thank you, *so much*." Clay stutters, as he pulls his body up from slouching and takes the tray into his hand. He abandons his laptop for just a moment, as George leans down to press a kiss against his forehead.

"I'm going now, okay?" George whispers, and it's unheard by the rest of the world that's trapped away in Clay's laptop, and he marvels at that. Clay nods along, sending a delighted message at the

end as George quietly closes the door behind him.

"Thank youu!"

In his headphones, the trio were still talking but more so, asking him questions.

"Dream, was that— uh?" Bad asks, but pauses when he's not too sure to expose anyone like that and Dream laughs. He holds onto the tray, picking it up to smell the chicken noodle soup, before picking up the big spoon to take a sip.

"Yeah. Now I got some chicken noodle soup." Dream says, taking a sip and dramatically moaning into the spoon at the delicious taste.

Sapnap snorts at that, always ready to tease George for his terrible cooking skills, "I thought the kitchen was *off limits*, or something."

Clay rolls his eyes, "Okay listen, it is but I can forgive it for *now*. Plus, I got some bomb ass chicken noodle soup out of this, so I'm not complaining."

Karl is as confused as chat who is yelling about Dream's secret girlfriend, and just seems so overly confused at everything going on. They were spamming about how 'she' made him some chicken noodle to help him feel better, while the others were yelling at them to stop being so delusional, so Karl instead asked the question for them.

"Wait. What are we talking about? I'm so confused." He asks, but Dream just ignores it, feeling slightly guilty about it but his soup makes him feel better. Eventually, the topic is abandoned but Twitter will never forget about the day Dream randomly got spawned in chicken noodle soup on his sick day, and deliberately ignored the topic of who made it.

They'll keep analyzing it for days to come.

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After reaching his staggering goal of fifteen *million*, Dream finally decides to do something he's avoided for months prior. A *hand* stream, how he plays his games, and how fast his hand  *fucking* moves because apparently that's on everyone's mind whenever he streams.

First, he's not sure if he should do. After practically rambling to Sapnap for advice, he decides to make a Twitter poll, asking if he should do it live or as a youtube video, and nearly eighty eight percent point towards live, and Dream builds up the courage to do it.

Okay true, it was just a hand stream. A keyboard stream, just showing how he plays but that doesn't mean he's not nervous. Dream knows his stans have expectations for him that he can never reach, and he's terrified that this might be one of them.

Yes, he's a great player at Minecraft, even he can see that. But there's still those strings of anxiety that are tightening up around his heart and squeezing it. His chest is close to clicking out, there's regret piled up at edges of it when he starts up the screen.

From his other screen, Dream can see his stream, live, and its a normal Minecraft screen. It's the beginning opening of Minecraft Java, but at the top corner of Dream's screen is a small camera, that is pointed towards a keyboard and a mouse.

The keyboard is lighting up in green, and the mouse is doing practically the same but looks brighter. The light is dimmed, but it's still pretty clear to see the soft, yellow light that is surrounding the room around it. Dream's hands aren't even in the camera, but people start screaming to see them the moment they join.

It's actually a bit funny, because Dream wants to tell them about how George was the one who even picked out this keyboard set up for him. Despite not being able to see green, he picked out this specific set up and gifted it to Dream, *well more like Dream gifted it to himself considering George used his credit card for it*. But, Dream can't say all of that.

Most of his anecdotes from recently were connected to George, or were about George. So it was difficult to talk about himself, when George was so intertwined with the events of his life and basically, everything. Dream cleared his throat, when realizing that he was just staring aimlessly towards the screen before starting to mutter out some greetings.

"Hi guys," He started, waiting for a moment as chat exploded in hello's, and pure excitement. Dream smiled at bit at that, but decided to be honest, "Honestly, I'm kinda nervous right now."

He clicks his tongue, "So. This is my keyboard setup." It feels just a little bit awkward, but Dream just decides to roll with it as chat pays it no attention and starts complimenting Dream on the brightly lit keyboard and mouse, which are lighting up and phasing at a similar pattern and rhythm. Compliments start soaring in for the pretty set up, and he smiles in pride.

"Yeah, it's pretty, right? It was actually a gift from my—" Dream stops himself, "uhh, *roommate*, actually." He presents it more as a question rather than an answer, not wanting to be completely out towards any of this. He watches as Chat continues to spam random phrases, before moving onto different Twitch icons and stickers, he rolls his eyes and finally decides to show his hands.

A deep breath, before his hands pull up onto the camera on the top right, shaking a little wave. Weirdly, chat is going insane over it. Spamming about Dream's hands, and no doubt, something along the lines of *HIS HANDS* will trend on Twitter today. He coughs a little bit, before deciding to start up the game, and launch a new world.

"Okay guys, because you all are so awesome for getting me to 15 million — and i can't thank you enough for the support," He pauses in his words to gulp, "I thought doing a hand stream would be pretty cool." He stops for a moment to take a look at chat, who seem to still be going crazy at the exposure of his hands and he laughs it out. Dream beckons them to ask questions that he can answer, a special q and a for reaching 15 million.

Eventually, the questions start pouring in and Dream decides it to be fair to pick randomly. Small questions about how he's doing, his set up, his life, and his plans for the future in his channel. He answers them all with ease, while attempting to speedrun Minecraft as always. It doesn't take too long to finally get stuck on a question that punches him the wrong way, and yet, he decides to tease them.

"Hmm, let's see. *Dream, do you have a girlfriend*," He reads it outloud, before stifling out a loud laugh, "You guys have been obsessed with that lately, yeah? My entire twitter is like, full of people making these theories about me having a girlfriend." Chat finally catches onto what he is implying and starts to panic, some of them start blaming others for their behaviors and for crossing a line and Dream is just *laughing*.

The nervous jitters from before explode in his chest, melting into a pile of unidentifiable goo as he clutches onto his keys in the nether, quacking picking himself back up from a long winded jump. Dream hums, the question is still hanging in his throat, "Well ... do I have a girlfriend?"

In the moment, there's a knock at the door. *He was watching*, this alone proves that George was

watching his stream live on his phone, most likely since he was resting in head in the couch moments before. It's humorous really, because George always likes to pretend that he doesn't watch Dream's streams, it's funny.

Dream stuffs up a laugh in his throat, "Speak of the devil." George doesn't wait for a reply but just barges in, his hair in a frizzy mess from his delayed nap a while ago. He looks like a ghost in the door way, just standing there before Dream nods for him to come closer, "It's fine, c'mere." The tone of his voice compares to how one might speak to an injured animal, but George walks over to him in grumpy stumps.

Dream decides to ignore him, continuing into another question before focusing back onto the game as well. He decides this as a null world, clicking onto create another world. While waiting, George had gotten himself between the desk and Dream, sliding himself onto Dream's lap, basically. There's really no words exchanged between them, but George turns over to look at Dream, and he just *understands*. So he nods.

Chat, Dream, *George* hold onto their breath as another pair of hands make their entrance onto the camera. They're smaller than Dream's and slide onto his in a comfortable, familiar manner, squeezing tight as Dream struggles to move them around for a moment. They're bony, and the wrists are much smaller, very delicate, resembling a dainty painting. They're George.

Dream laughs, it's a breathy, light laugh that consists of so much fondness that it fails to reach to the other side. Dream leans forward, pressing his chin onto George's shoulder, hooking it there to properly see his screen. George leans into Dream's touch, moving to the side to press a light kiss against Dream's cheek.

Chat is... a mess. Another pair of hands, a *pretty pair*, if Dream were to be honest, had joined him. They were spamming questions about who it is, what was going on, and *oh my god he has a girlfriend* ?????*what is that*????? Dream still chuckles, sure, George's hands are small, but they're not exactly feminine too much. Or maybe he's too used to seeing them wrapped around his.

Moments pass as George starts to get bored, he finally untangles his hands from Dream's, and Dream moves away from the camera, letting George slide away from his hands. "Bye now." He says to George who just rolls his eyes, before laughing lightly.

"Okay anyways," Dream reads more questions, ignoring the thousands and thousands of messages that are being sent over his way, inquiring about *who the hell was just holding his hands a minute ago*. A cocky smirk spreads across his face, yeah, this was entertaining.

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They never fully decided how they were going to introduce George to the rest of Dream's world, *Dream's*. First, they had a discussion that George had promptly forgotten after a while, he didn't know why, but his memory never remained pure. George felt himself notice as Clay started to pull himself out more and more, with new opportunities as Dream, with new video ideas and so much more support, and George couldn't be prouder.

So, he lets himself relax, lets Dream breathe. Occasionally, he would let invite himself into Clay's room when he was streaming or playing with his friends and just sit in the background. It wasn't any different today, George was sitting on the bed behind Clay's streaming equipment. George watched as his boyfriend's body moved along with the game, bouncing whenever something striking was happening.

It was endearing really, to watch Dream. There was a really why it was so entertaining, Dream expressed himself with his entire body. Whenever he was laughing, his entire body bends over and it shakes through him, as he fails to catch his breathe. It was adorable to watch Clay's face completely light up, but George would never admit that. Clay was easy to read, but that just made it more difficult to not just *melt* whenever he wanted something. Sure, Clay was whipped for him but so was George.

He was laying across the bed, cuddled up while scrolling through his phone as Clay continues to chat with his friends. He was previously in a stream, but it had ended minutes earlier, and now he was just chilling. Knowing this, George let himself him lightly along to a song in his head, before turning over and clearing his throat. He didn't notice the chair turning until Clay called out to him, "George."

George looked up from his phone, blinking tiredly as he met his boyfriend's gaze, "Yeah?" Clay signaled at him to come closer and George pushed himself off of the bed. He folded the corners of his hoodie over his hands, clasping onto the sweater paws before standing in front of Clay.

Clay scooted back as far as he could on his gaming chair, "Sit here?" He asked, his yellow ~~green~~ eyes lighting up at George's nod. George sat in between the small space between the desk, and Dream's lap, before hauling himself onto his lap. He turned towards the screen, clearly confused, *What is he doing?*

George felt Clay's gentle hands pull down the back of his hoodie before pushing away hair from

his ears, it wasn't too long before two ear cups were pressed against them and there was silence. George turned his head to look up at Clay who just gave him a small smile before clicking on something with his mouse.

Everything was still before, "Hellllooo? Dreammmm?" A low humming voice, which was followed by a deeper one.

"Dream? Was that a prank?"

George paused before responding, "Hello?"

"Oh my god! Oh my god! GOGY!" *Finally. A familiar voice*, Tommy's voice rang through the headphones and George sat up comfortably, leaning against Dream's torso.

"Hey Tommy!" He was cut off by the younger's shrilling voice.

"See! I told you all! Dream *does* have a boyfriend!"

"Uhhh," George face palmed, turning back over to look at Dream as to say, *Is this okay?* Dream just responded with a nod before bringing his mouth closer to the mic.

"Happy now Wilbur? You wanted to meet my *secret girlfriend*, right?" His voice was teasing and at the other end of the call, it earned nothing more than suffocating laughs.

"Wait, wait, George is a girl?" Another unfamiliar voice, this one sounded more teasing and young and was followed by a loud laughter.

"I'm not a girl!" George exclaimed, he was about to say more before Dream grabbed back onto the headphones, pulling them away and wearing them. Back to their rightful place, and George glared. That wasn't very welcoming.

The tops of his cheeks were pink, mostly flustered due to that odd, yet quick introduction. He pouted, exaggerating on puckering his lips to earn back the headphones as Dream started talking.

"Guys, I was going to say that's it for now but he's doing puppy eyes, see now, I'm forced to give it back to him." Dream laughed, and George took back the headphones.

That's how George met Wilbur Soot, Karl Jacobs and Alex Quackity on the same day. He spends rest of the day chatting with them, spreading small anecdotes and nonsenses about himself as Tommy continues to brag about how he "*met Dream's boyfriend first!*" Dream mostly just watches, a smile lit on his face as his boyfriend continues to interact with his closest friends online, and how easily he lends into the crevices of their heart.

It's more comforting when George finally slips into a sleep attack, and Dream informs his friends, and is met with nothing more than positivity in return. Talking about how adorable, and absolutely sweet George was, and how lucky he is. Some comments are sarcastic of course, but they're still loving to hear at the end of the day.

And George? He mostly just sleeps.

## Chapter End Notes

hiiii! it's been quite a while everyone :

OKAY FIRST OF ALL!! roadtrip ???? first i wasn't sure if i would like it because the small teaser he posted made me think that it wasn't my style of music but oh my god, i've listened to it a lot and honestly, i think for me, it's one of those songs you grow to lose. i liked it at the start, but i listened to it so much i Love it now :] SO YEAH! stream roadtrip for clear skin and good grades .

other than that, i'm so sorry this chapter is a mess ?? honestly speaking, i changed the aspects of this chapter in the very last minute, it was meant to be something completely different, but i decided to switch that thing to chapter 5, cause it wouldn't make much sense then. but yeah, woo! this chapter is mostly just ideas i had for the 5 part from the start, but decided to scrap. i thought it would be cute to see small ways on George just meeting chat, and just interacting more with Dream's streaming and friends . either ways, i hope you liked it :] the next chapter is more exciting and it has JEALOUSY cause we love to see it !

i will probably update a bit late bc i have a busy week ahead of me BUT! i hope you guys have a wonderful week, and an even more wonderful day. It's just started for me, so make sure to stay safe guys. thank you so much for the love, and all of the comments and everything that you give, i truly appreciate them and it helps motivate

me to write more. thank you, and i love you all! kudos & comments are always appreciated! MWAH!

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Summary

Dream finally does a face reveal, of course, he's received nothing but love. However, with the love comes the shippers who pair him up with every single person that seems fit and at some point, George gets jealous.

### Chapter Notes

hiii! i'm sorry for the late update, i hope you like it regardless!

Anyways, tags for light nsfw coming up, not too much, just a make out .

and yeah :") thank u for reading and read notes at the end pls!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*"Broken The World Record!" The screen says in a bolded font, it has the image of a Minecraft character, who is running around and shaking byes towards the camera. Before the scene cuts over, and a dramatic tune starts playing. First, it's dramatic before it transitions over to a fuzzy, a bit blurry camera.*

*The camera is shaking for a moment before it smoothens over to display a clean room. First, there's a voice in a background, "Okay guys — wait. I just realized — oh crap!" There's a big thump! before it quietens down and there's just a quiet sigh to accompany the disappointment. Eventually, the camera starts to catch the figure that makes its way towards the gaming chair, a man, however the terrible lighting struggles to properly capture his features.*

*He sits down on the gaming chair, pausing for a moment as he extends his hands over to the camera to reposition it. Then, he turns over to another side, finally brightening up the set up with a bright, white light that glows him up in a shiny way. Finally, the camera focuses onto the man, revealing all of his features.*

*He has very dusty hair, it's in a shade of a sandy, dark blond hair and is laid out in wispy over his forehead in a frizzy manner. His eyebrows fold over his face, being a darker shade than his hair. Reaching below is his nose which is long, and rather straight, speckled with freckles that are easily noticeable. They litter through around his nose, to the tops of his cheekbones and stop under his eyes. His eyes — they're green, a striking dulled down platinum green, easily to notice under his long eyelashes. Below it all is his lips, that was stretching over with a small, cheeky smile. He looks humored, risky even. His lips are a dull pink, folding over to chap them. Under his eyes are slight bags, darkening the landscape below. His jaw is straight, but from the angle it looks a bit*

*awkward.*

*The man — Clay — straightens his throat, he's wearing a bright green Dream hoodie, which match his eyes with the perfect shade. He brushes a hand over his dirty blonde hair, before looking back towards the camera. With a sigh, "So... this is me." Considering this is a recording, there's no one to acknowledge his answer but he ends it at that. He directs another smile towards the camera, his downward-turned lips switch towards a breathy laugh before the camera is turned off to a black screen.*

*The black screen is soon accompanied by a line of text that goes "Thank you for 18MIL! Hope you enjoyed."*

*Within ten minutes, the video reaches about half a million views. The comments go crazy, everyone emphasizing on their excitement to Youtuber Dream finally doing a face reveal for his 10Mil special, and for breaking the current world record for Minecraft Speedrunning for the new update. He trends on twitter for a good week, everyday the fans going crazy over the same one minute shot, making crazy edits and using his face as their profile picture. All of his friends come forward to flirt with his occasionally or just mention how attractive he is.*

*He decides to take everything with a speck of salt, not to mention when his fans start pairing him up with nearly everyone he plays with. Every girl, every guy, there's really no limit. But at the end of the day, he's really just thankful to finally having done a face reveal, the pressure is still there. But it's a bit more comforting now. For him, at least.*

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First, the support is a bit overwhelming. George has always told Clay that he was attractive but his fans were being a bit too... dramatic? Either ways, his tweets started blowing up and he gained followers at an impressive rate and it made Clay think, is the internet really this numb? Most likely. Nearly all of his followers had made edits of his face and used them as their profile pictures, he couldn't scroll through his tweet replies or even his timeline without seeing about ten pictures of his face.

He didn't really mind it, rather he told them that they could do it. It was just extremely overwhelming to watch as a faceless youtuber had trended at Top #1 simply because he wasn't faceless anymore. There was a churning feeling in Clay's stomach, perhaps he shouldn't have done it? But at the end of the day, there was no going back with the internet so he'd had to swallow down the surprise and continue streaming.

The first stream Clay does after face revealing was meant to be a chill one, but instead all of the chat was just spams of people begging him to show them his face. Of course, he had the right to call out people, whether they were his stans or not, so he did.

"Sorry guys, I'm not totally okay with doing like a face stream yet, but it'll come in the future!" His nonchalant tone had set off the chat, many stopped spamming while others remained persistent but he paid no heed to it. Clay respected the ones who listened, he was grateful for it.

Eventually, his stans started to lose interest on the begging criteria once they realized that he couldn't care less about it. Then, they decided to go another route. It wasn't too long before he started to get shipped and paired up with every *damn* person he streamed with. He found it actually funny for a while, until it just started to be frustrating.

Just a month and a half before this was when the whole Tommy fiasco with his supposed "girlfriend," and Dream stans had already gone crazy over that. Many of them were just theorizing, some even coming close to say that his roommate was actually his girlfriend, but that didn't exactly work out, considering George isn't a girl. They remained stubborn about that too, for days Clay found his messages flooded with questions about his girlfriend. *Damn Tommy*. He still ignored it though.

*"Your stans reflect you Clay, they're stubborn and don't know when to stop."* George had mentioned to him after the exposure. Clay agreed with him, he really did. They don't know when to stop, but also struggle with finding something to entertain them for the long run (unless it's Dream).

So, they didn't stop it with the shipping either. It was normal people at first. First of all, Sapnap. The man he had known for nearly eight years know, his best friend, his twin fire, his — well you get the point. *Dreamnap* had been a fan favorite before the face reveal, but only started to gain more attention afterwards because now, fans had two faces to put together, literally. Sapnap didn't mind of course, they laughed it off as any other joke; the same thing they did when Dream was shipped with Bad or Skeppy.

Then, it started to go downhill, just a bit. Somehow, the shipping had gone from his close friends to people he barely interacts with. Any person of the opposite gender that he talked to, or went on stream with, ended up being in the line of sight of crazed shippers that needed some drama. Dream was shipped with nearly any new person that he would add to the SMP, or even just talk to in general. Dream however, didn't really mind. He knew that this wasn't too much to bare, nor did he expect any of this, but who cares?

There isn't a large problem in this, right? It's really been pretty obvious that he clearly has a boyfriend— *er*, a girlfriend? Considering people couldn't tell apart hands, and anatomy, George's

hands could've belonged to anymore. They were *small*. Most of his stans believed he had a girlfriend, and many of them tried to stop others from taking everything too far, reminding them that Dream was taken. And taken, he was.

In Dream and George's relationship, Dream was usually the one who got possessive or jealous over certain things. Whenever George didn't dedicate enough attention to him, or spent too much time talking to someone else, other than him. It was a bit worrying at times, but they've managed to balance it.

Dream can swear that he's rarely seen George jealous, if not *ever*. That.. would most likely change soon.

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George's fingers blinked onto the mouse at a fast pace, turning around and directing the screen to look around his point of voice, trying to find some mobs. He was humming quietly to himself, the dull Minecraft savannah was keeping his company, as he wobbles around the world. There's was a beautifully crafted, new diamond sword in his hand, along with a shield on the other side.

The sun was starting to set in the game, but it didn't fool George. His mission was set clear in his mind, ***Find. Spiders.*** He told himself. Once he got hyper focused onto the game, a tightening grasp around his waist pulled him out of his imagination. The hand didn't do much, but instead curled around tighter, a hot breath of air settling against the side of his neck before lips pecked it gently.

George struggled to keep his thoughts pure as Dream dragged his lips down from his neck, to the depths in his right collarbone's crevice, before pulling back up to meet the Brit's eyes. George's attention — which was previously wrapped around the game, was stolen when lovely, honey eyes looked up into his. The freckles on Clay's nose were glaring up, due to the intensity of the room, his eyes were struggling to look directly at Clay.

The colorblind man gulped, he cleared his throat and mumbled his quiet disapproval, "Clay, stopp." Dream rolled his eyes, before sitting back against the seat and laying his chin of George's shoulder.

They were playing on George's survival world again, although the account was Dream's, *bluee +*

*dream x* has evolved to become something of a home. George found himself wandering around, or finding new places to take over whenever he had free time. Clay didn't seem to mind either, considering the man just accompanied George and watched him dally around.

Currently, George was looking for *clay*. Clay as in the clay block, he wanted to make some new flower pots to decorate his hobbit house with but had run out of bricks. Thankfully, there had been a pool of water nearby that contained his needs, but he'd forgiven where it was, *of course*.

With a chuckle, "Clayyy, I can't find clay." Clay perked up at the call of his name before snickering loudly and shaking his head as hard as he could. Clay pressed closer into George's neck, letting his hands slide over his boyfriend's on the mouse and keyboard. A flare of embarrassment shot over George's body, scarlet settling onto his cheeks as he whined loudly.

"What are you — *oh*." Clay turned his character over to the opposite direction, and in the distance was the small pool of water, not to mention the clay blocks that were sinking at the bottom. George's face palmed and he felt a laugh press against his neck before he huffed in fake anger.

"Well, thank you." He mumbled as Clay pulled his hands away from the keyboard. George missed the warmth. Eventually, Clay started to squirm around George.

His body was moving around, hands sliding over George before thinking otherwise and going the other direction, it was tickling him, though he'd never admit that. George was pressing down on Clay's lap, but it was normal for them, unless Clay had decided otherwise that it was uncomfortable.

"*George*." Clay called out, "I'm bored, let's do something elseee." The mimicking of a whine was what set his off and George rolled his eyes.

"But I wanna play." He muttered, as if it had made all of the difference.

However, Clay had won with a, "But I wanna *kiss*." A flushed gaze haunted over George's eyes as he directed his eyes towards the smoothness of the black table. He bit onto his lower lip, before extending his hands away from the keyboard, for the first time in an hour, and turning his head over.

In George's efforts, Clay had already leaned back against the seat, pressing his head against the headrest, his eyes gazing over in a cocky manner. George straddled his thighs, turning his entire

body over before pressing his thighs in the corner of the arm rests. He wrapped his hands around Clay's neck, as the other pulled him closer with a grip against his waist.

Clay learned down to press his forehead against George's, watching as the flush of pink perked up around his cheeks before exploding into a loud laugh, George closed his eyes. "How is it — that even after about two years of dating, you still get so red?!" Clay wheezed out, his laugh catching onto the strings of George's hearts, tangling them up and spreading a sense of burning warmth around. *Why is he, so, lovely?*

George responded his an angry mumble, puffing his cheeks up in fake fury before whining, "Shut up. I don't see you having a problem with it."

Clay snorted, he mocked his British accent, "I don't see you having a problem with it — well yeah, I mean. I like having the power, Georgie." He paused for a moment, one of his hands leaving his waist before smoothing over the hair at the back of George's neck, he leaned away from his eyes to press a kiss at the corner of the dark haired's lips, "It's funny to watch." *George was going to fall apart.*

"Less talking, more kissing." George finally, leaned into a kiss with the other, who giggled a bit at the start, before responding to the rhythm that George was trying to salvage. Their lips moved together in a praising manner, before breaking apart for a short breath, and sliding back together for another series of kissing. George whined into the kiss, mumbling something before bearing closer into Clay's warmth and hovering a bit over his lap.

George pulled away, but Clay followed him back into press a final kiss, before he guided his lips down the dark haired's jaws. He planted fleeting kisses down his neck, smoothing over his hand at the back of George's neck. The other hand that was tightly wrapped around his waist slipped under the back of his shirt, running light circles over the naked, arched back as George shuddered.

"Clay." He whined, while the other responses in a hum before devoting his attention to mark another part of his neck in an angry burst of red, and possibly a bruising purple. "Clay." George hardened his tone, causing the other to perk up in annoyance and pull away.

"What?" The dirty blond asked, the look of clear disturbance muffled in his eyes as his boyfriend rolled his eyes at his impatience, before signaling towards the computer. The computer had a notification at the corner, from discord, *Sapnap is calling you.* Clay groaned, shaking his head before turning back down towards George's neck.

"Fine. If you won't talk to him, I will." George snaked his hand towards his back, swatting off

Clay's, which received a whine before turning his body over to face the computer. He clicked on the call to pick it up, hearing the small noise of discord as Clay dipped down to his back. Clay's chin was digging into his back like a prick in his foot and he was whining.

"Hello?" George asked, which was replied to by a deep voice, which turned pitchy in his tone.

"George!"

"Sapnap!" George paused in his words when he felt Clay's hand slide up his shirt, tickling him lightly, "Clay, you're being really *annoying!*" He muttered, which earned a loud wheeze from his boyfriend, while Sapnap replied in a judgmental sound.

"What the hell are you two doing?" He asked, there was clear disgust in his words but humor was spreading across his tone, obviously lightening up the area.

"Nothing— god, shut up! Both of you!" The pair exploded into fits of laughter, the Americans sharing a moment while George crossed his hands up when Clay gave him an apologetic kiss on the cheek.

"Sorry Georgie," Clay finished with a wheeze, and looked towards the screen, "Heyyy Sapnap, what do you want?"

"Finally giving me my well deserved attention, Dream." Sapnap started and George mocked his words comically, while Clay was chortling his laughs, "Anyways, your stream. You're doing it today right?" Clay took a moment to think, before George could look up at him, he placed his chin tightly onto George's head, wrapping his hands around him.

He cuddled closely into George's back before giving a light hum, "Hmmm, yep. I think so, yeah. Probably, I mean, they've been begging for it for a while now, right?"

George squirmed his hand out of the tights hold, reaching it towards the right to grab onto his water bottle. He sipped water, before squeezing himself into the pair's conversation. Though watching Clay's eyes light up at the sight of his best friend was nice, he'd much prefer to question them instead.

"Wait," *sip*, "Is it an important stream?" An audible gasp from the other side.

"Dream! You didn't tell your *lovely* boyfriend—" George rolled his eyes, "—about your stream?!" How dare you?!"

George snorted, "Yeah *Dream*, you couldn't bother telling little old me?" George could feel Clay's face contorting into a cringed look when he called him Dream, before clearing his throat.

"Well, I was going to tell you *last night*, but uhh, *things* came in the way." Clay was smirking into the edges of his teeth, and George could practically hear the smoldering so, he rolled his eyes, *no he was not blushing, how dare you*—

"Okay gross, that's enough! I don't need to know anything about your life at night, nope, I'm fine!" Sapnap exclaimed, he seemed understandably uncomfortable and cleared his throat, "Okay anyways, I'll join you in a while to join your stream, Dream. Don't be late. See ya, Georgie!"

"Bye Sap." George called out, before the call ended and the pair were left to themselves. For a moment, neither talked as Clay stuffed himself closer into George's body warmth, kissing at the side of his earlobe. George hummed, waiting for Clay to start talking.

"I'm doing a face stream." Clay said, ever so normally, as if it was just everyday news. George froze in his seat for a moment.

"What?" *Huh.*

"Yeah. Everyone's been asking for it, so, might as well." George nodded along with his words, pushing the water bottle back onto the table, watching as the water in it starts to bounce at the movement.

"Oh well, are you gonna be alright?" George turned his head back to look at his boyfriend. Tired eyes, crooked smile, pink nose, and yellow ~~green~~ eyes. He pushed some of his hair out of his eyes, watching as Clay nods towards his question. He lets his hand rest there, for just a calm moment. He dives in for another kiss.

The live turns out to be quite different than all of Clay's other lives, George thinks. He's sitting in their living room, his eyes situated onto his phone which has Clay's live playing. He's snacking on a bag of chips as he watches his boyfriend talk comically towards the screen, laughing towards his friends who are joining him as special guests.

Clay had changed his set up a week before he hit 17 Million, he's been wanting to do a face reveal for ages now, and had finally gotten the chance. The set up, which was previously facing their abandoned bed, was now pushed to the side of the bed. This was decided so that if anyone were to enter the room, they wouldn't be caught by the camera, in case Clay ever did decide to do a face stream. And well, there he was.

So the camera angles seemed a bit odd, but his boyfriend was still shining. The lighting in the room was a bit dim, but still good quality, as Clay spent hours trying to set up an HD camera. George could see all the speckles of Clay's face, not to mention his chapped lips (*he dearly needs to remind his boyfriend that chapstick is not expensive*) and the freckles that littered over his nose like stars. To George, his lips seemed gray, but still lovely to kiss (he would know.) Clay's eyes were also shining, he was always shining.

There was an anchor of pride that had sunk down into George's chest, watching his boyfriend grow up from a small youtuber to one of the fastest growing channels on the app had been an honor to watch. Clay also, never seems to leave his thoughts. As George watched him speak towards his fans, his chat in an excited manner, bouncing in his chair and laughing in wheezes, George fell in love with him all over again.

Eventually, his chips were gone, and his cats were craving his attention from the kitchen. Though Clay was only across the hall, he felt far, so George walked into the kitchen, maybe to be a bit closer. Mika was cuddled up against Patches against the cat bed which was pushed near the fridge in their kitchen, it was originally there for abandonment but then turned into a cat nap bed.

George had his phone in his hand, Clay's laughing ringing loudly from it which caught the attention of Mika, who immediately left to scatter around George's legs, begging him to pick her up. Rolling his eyes, he leaned down and picked her up, "Wow. And here I thought I was your favorite." George laughed when the kitten just blinked at him in innocence.

Patches seemed to be giving no interest, and turned back over on the bed to coddle herself back to sleep. Mika however, was meowing at George's screen, pawing it to gain Clay's attention. George snorted, "Don't do that. He's not here, Mi."

While holding her in his arms, George navigated himself back to the couch, watching as she settled in his lap while glaring furiously at the screen. "Nope, he won't come out if you glare either." He giggled at the kitten, running his hands over her back as she purred.

In the stream, Clay was left alone. It had been about an hour and Sapnap had left to get food while the others left to give him some privacy with his chat. Now, Clay was sitting in his normal, ridiculous position where his foot on his chair, and his arm was curled around it, while his chin rested on his knee. He looked really, really, really cute. George sighed, *God, that sounded so dreamy.*

Clay was just answering questions in chat, looking straight into the camera and switching from his chat. There was an unsettling feeling in George's chest when he chuckled, reading out a dono, "No guys, I'm not dating Nyleean." A streamer, that Clay had gone live with a week ago. George didn't really know her well, other than the fact that his fans seemed to think that Clay and her had really good chemistry.

*Well. We have better chemistry.* George thought, before a bitter feeling spread across his chest and he huffed. Clay laughed again, "Uhhhh and I'm not dating Bad or Skeppy either, they're way too into each other." Chat was spamming through different names, hoping that one might satisfy Clay, and gain his attention.

"Uhhh, hm. No, not Alya. I'm not dating Alya. Or Sapnap, huh, what?" George rolled his eyes at his boyfriend's teasing tone, "Sapnap? Really?" He asked the stream.

*Why does it matter who he's dating? It's me, isn't it?* George watched the screen as Mika finally got bored and picked herself off of his lap, sliding down the couch. Clay was still teasing, "I mean, Sapnap is nice and all but— what the, no I'm not dating Wilbur, huh?" Wilbur. Wilbur and Clay had good chemistry as well, well most of the time. They had even planned out a pizza date before, something that George had humorously tossed aside, but still pouted over in public.

"Well, yeah, me and Wilbur did *almost* go on that pizza date, but it didn't work out." He dramatically sighed, before setting his foot down from the chair and scooting closer towards the camera. His wispy hair was over his eyes, so Clay pushed it away and held his hands over his headphones. Clay cleared his throat, before a new donation came in.

*"HannaDaises is pretty cute, are you dating her?"* Clay laughed at that, at this point he was doing this on purpose, he looked straight into the camera and smiled, "Yeah, she's pretty nice but nope." George's tongue flared up, he poked the insides of his cheek in annoyance before rolling his eyes.

"Yeah, *she's pretty nice.*" He mocked, "What does that even mean? I'm nicer." George cracked his knuckles, before looking down at his hands. Clay knows, he knows for sure that George is watching him, probably pissed. Another dono took his attention.

Clay read this one out loud as well, "*Is your girlfriend a better kisser than Sapnap?* Well uhh," He seemed confused for a moment, laughter highlighting his cheeks before continuing, "*Pfft, sometimes I guess.*" There was obvious humor in it, but it pissed George off. He'd been holding onto his jealousy quite well the past few weeks, but it was considerably hard since after every stream that Clay did, there would be a new hashtag on Twitter with his boyfriend's name and someone else's. Sure, he can deal with the silly banter and occasional flirting, but this was annoying him onto another level.

George got up from the couch, a mischievous smile spreading across his lips as he chuckled, *I'll show you whose a better kisser.*

George wobbled his steps towards the streaming room's door, closing his phone along the way, and he stood in front of the door. Okay maybe, he was going a bit too far. Not really caring at this point, he knocked. Clay's laughter from the other side quieted down, the obvious contrast could be heard by Chat as well. Without waiting for a reply, George opened the door.

Right beside the bed, to the other side of the wall was Clay. He looked up at George with a confused look, his eyes big when he saw George's pout. There was obvious panic in his eyes before he sniffled, "Yes, uh. What is it, G— Babe." George could easily notice his slip up, and he rolled his eyes before giggling.

He shook his head, before walking over the bed in his knees, watching as Clay shook his head slightly, clearly confused by what was going on. At the other side, right beside Clay's set up, was a limited amount of space for George's legs. So he sat there, facing his boyfriend, sitting at the edge of the bed. Clay seemed audibly confused, and considering the set up was higher than the bed, he was looking down into George's eyes, who was huddled away from the camera.

George smiled, it wasn't exactly sweet, but it was a smile. Clay looked back at the camera to give a nervous laugh, "Sorry Chat, give me a sec." He muted himself and rolled his chair over, ready to ask George what the hell he was doing before George grasped onto the hoodie's collar, pulling him away from camera's view. The camera was left with nothing but an abandoned chair, as they watched Dream get practically, kidnapped from his seat and pulled forward.

George cupped Clay's cheeks, before pulling him into a deep kiss, and feeling as Clay froze before responding by deepening it. Clay slid his hands over George's neck, biting into the kiss. George let it stay for a moment, before backing away from it, and giving Clay a final peck. Clay looked into George's eyes, who looked up at him with humor, almost pride in his eyes, before pushing back

Clay.

"Sometimes, huh?" George smiled, backing away from the bed and slamming the door shut as he walked out. In the quick moment of courage, he had basically nearly made out with Clay, while there was a live stream in the background. He pressed up against the door, before sliding down in a fit of embarrassment, he hit his nose into the top of his hoodie before laughing like an idiot.

*What the fuck.* What the fuck, indeed. Clay however, was struggling to get back into his chair. Though his lips were bruised stupid, it was quite clear to see that he was flustered, as Clay always had a hard time concealing his emotions away from his face. It didn't take his viewers to put one and one together, soon the chat was spammed with copypastas of kissing, while Clay just hid into face into his knees in a fit of red, flustered wheezes.

It wasn't actually that embarrassing for him, it was just surprising. George looked cute under him, he needed that again. Clay cleared his throat, alerting chat of an important message before staring. "Okay guys, that's enough for a day. Thanks for showing up, *um*," He struggled for a moment to find the right words, "I have something to... *do now?*" It seemed more like a question, than a good bye, but he didn't really care at this point. He clicked onto the end stream button, waiting for it to cool down.

Clay looked down at his palms, a smile blossoming over his face, that had felt oddly good. Really, really good. Would the actual reveal feel even better? He brushed it off, watching as his phone erupted with notifications from his friends before getting up to find his boyfriend.

George was still pressed up against the door, and nearly fell back when Clay opened it in a hurry, both of them breaking into a series of giggles at their disheveled look.

"What the— What was that?!" Clay asked, a wheezing rising up from his chest as George shook his head in simple enamor.

"I! I have no idea, oh my god!" The pair shared their laughs, as Clay also leaned down to the floor to rest against his boyfriend. Their two cats, which had heard the rampage, made their way towards the mess to rest into the crevices of their laps, begging for their owners' attention.

Later, Clay would find himself scrolling his twitter, with his boyfriend sleeping soundly against his neck, warm in his embrace. His eyes would catch on a particular tweet.

dazy ♥ @dazzzistaken

okay i know it was obvious enough to realize that dream totally was kissed in his stream today. but. the hands that grabbed him, those weren't a girls hands right? like look at them!

*[ attached is a picture of clay's stream from earlier, zoomed into a pair of hands that were tightly grasping onto a black hoodie. ]*

There was a reply to the tweet,

dazy ♥ @dazzzistaken

obviously a guy's hands right?? okay guys... this is reaching but what if dream has a boyfriend? not a girlfriend? what if dream is g—

The tweet cut off there, and Clay chuckled. He liked the original tweet and the reply, before changing apps to take a quick picture of George's tired face. Promptly as his TL explodes over the fact that Dream just liked a tweet that talked about him having a *boyfriend*. It was funny, really.

## Chapter End Notes

HELLO HI!!! finally. i got this chapter written. okay before i say anything, i wanted to give you guys a reference of what i used dream to look like.

so, as weird as it is, i wrote his face reveal while using my favorite dream fanart as my reference <3 here it is! these are amazing fanarts by @llllllsssssh on twitter, who is an AMAZING ARTIST THAT IS LITERALLY SO COOL?1!1?1! please check them out, and here are the two pics i used, it's [this post](#) and [of course this](#). both of them are group pictures of the dream team, but dream. i'm drooling, the way they draw dream is so. so cool. and yes, one of them is maid outfit dream but who CARES STILL SO HOT, so this is reference to how dream looks in my fic . as well as george because why not? yes.

okay other than that! DUDEEEEE ROADTRIP??? UGH OH TM GOD ITS SO GOOD? i feel in love. Okay? Okay. honestly, i didn't rlly like it at the start but i think it's a song that you grow to love. for his first song, it's rlly nice <3 it's been on repeat for a while , and i'm loving it so much . i think it's a really nice song, and i love how loud it is in my head lol, maybe that's just me .

anyways! other than that, none of the girl gamers i mentioned in this chapter are real, there are plenty i watch but i didn't want to mention them cause ? it's fine. we can

create some up! and plus i didn't think it would be respectful unless they were dream's close friends y'knoq, anyways again! THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR THE FUCKING SUPPORT? i came back a few days ago to see like 3700 HITS AND 350+ KUDOS AND IM LIKE ?? HUH?? and so many. many kind comments. thank you so much . writing this chapter was very difficult but i've hoped you have enjoyed nevertheless. i really enjoy writing this fic, and i can't believe there's only one chapter left to go :") THANK YOU! thank you for being my first published dnf fic, and thank you all for reading it.

and yes, dream face reveals in this chapter, unlike irl dream, my fic dream is honest :) i hope you enjoyed this chapter, and hint for the next chapter: ahem maybe george goes live ahem. BYE!

and as always, kudos and comments are always appreciated! stay safe and well during these tough times, loves!

## touch you softly

### Chapter Summary

George is finally, *finally revealed to the rest of the world — as dramatic as it sounds.*  
*Clay is confused, but supportive, while everyone freaks out.*

### Chapter Notes

hi! finally <3 the last chapter (well...) it was so much fun to write this, and i think it's my favorite.

i switch povs in the middle, so watch out for that!

enjoy<3 i love you all! and check out author notes at the end, they have important info!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

On March 6, Dream hits 20 million. A milestone he never thought he would reach, and George? George bakes him a cake for congratulations, Dream sees this as an opportunity. He clicks *tweet*.

Dream ✓ @Dream • 1h

George, patches, and mika say thank you for 20 mil! we love you, you guys are insane. thank you for making my year <3

15:04 • 3/7/21 • Twitter for iPhone

[ Attached is a picture of George, a tabby cat, and a grey striped cat, and a green frosted cake. George is wearing an oversized, black Dream smile hoodie, and he has an embarrassed smile on his face. He's holding out the cake onto the counter. His elbows are touching the counter, and he's leaning the cake forward, to show towards the camera. It's a normal white cake, with green frosting around it, and a big Green smile (frosting) around the top of it. It has "20 MIL" written messily, below the smile in frosting. Beside George's hand, on the counter is Patches who is looking straight at the cake in a curious way. And to the other side is Mika, who is on her back and reaching a paw towards George on the edge of the counter. ]

dream @dreamwastaken • 10m

yes we did bake the cake. but george did most of the work, patches tried to get her claws into everything, mika tried to Eat the frosting, and i was there for moral support :)

16:07 • 4/7/21 • Twitter for iPhone

*[Attached is a picture of George, Patches, and Comet. This time, it's them decorating the cake. George is standing behind a white kitchen island, with both of the cats and the cake on the island. He's reaching a bit over midway to it, but still looks kinda short compared to it. George has his hood up, only half way, and looks incredibly cozy and flustered. His hair is fluffy, the fluffy parts of it peeking out from the hood. His cheeks are a bit red, and his left hand is attempting to spread green frosting around the cake with a spatula, while the other is pressing onto the tray the cake is on. His eyes look focused and determined to spread the frosting. Patches is on his right, reaching her paws into the bowl of frosting, while Mika is at his left, and facing the camera with a curious glance. It looks domestic.]*

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The granted support took Clay out by the storm. The amount of kind comments and support he received by his tweets, how absolutely *precious* his fans and supports were reacting to his boyfriend— it made him *so* happy. Clay knew that he'd always been very ambiguous about his sexuality. Labels never suited him well, so he tossed them aside and decided to remain as he truly is, loving who he wanted to love. Despite knowing that, and accepting that part of himself, having his community accept that part of him too was so, so loving.

It was something, watching as he scrolled through the comments and found nothing but pure support and love towards George, towards Dream. It was sweet to see, how most of the comments were fawning over his boyfriend and how *attractive* he was, and Dream wouldn't disagree. It was about time the world came to appreciate the stubborn, but smart man George is. And Dream wouldn't have it any other way.

The comments of the two tweets were also spammed by all of his friends, who were doing their daily duty of constantly bullying George, while Tommy and Tubbo sucked up to him, as always. Tommy had also talked to him, given him the offer of doing a live with George. As much as Dream would adore to use George's good looks to his advantage, maybe, not yet.

George was still *his* boyfriend, of course.

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"Okay so, think about it, okay?" Clay hummed in reply, taking another bite of his burger when George quirked his eyebrow up. Clay nodded, to show that he was listening before the dark haired continued on, "How about like, a cooking contest?"

"George, you can't even cook." Clay swallowed up his food, keeping in a laugh so he doesn't choke. George rolled his eyes, leaning forward on the table and burying his nose in his folded arms.

Clay watched him as he looked up from the plate, which had an abundant of french fries with a side condiment of ketchup and ranch. He stuck his mouth out of his arms, looking towards Clay to feed him. "So needy." Clay muttered, dipping a fry in ranch before feeding it to George.

He munched happily, "Yeah but we both know you got the ranch for me." Clay have him a nervous smile, continuing to finish up his burger. "Okay anyways, Clay, listen. We could do one, right?" Finishing up the remaining of his burger, Clay started munch on the fries, watching his boyfriend ecstatically explain onto his plans for their upcoming week, when George is finally free for the first time in nearly a month.

In between his words, he looked at Clay longingly, to provide him with more fries and Clay couldn't exactly.. say no. He complied with the hungry looks and took turns eating, and feeding.

Because of Covid, there weren't too many places they could travel to on their free days, by too many, none. The safest way was to stay at home, and hope that they stay healthy. Despite both of them being homebodies who don't really enjoy the company of fresh air, being suffocated in the same house for months at a time isn't ideal. They had to entertain themselves by their own means, only leaving their house once in a while for groceries or Clay's letters and packages from his P.O. box.

A cooking competition, as fun as it sounds, can be useless considering that George somehow *always* gets hurt when he's inches near the stove. He was amazing at baking, but cooking

was not his strong forte, and Clay had to pull multiple rescue missions in the past to make sure nothing ends up getting burnt down. For example, months ago when George had nearly burnt the kitchen down trying to make breakfast to Clay for his birthday. It wasn't pretty, and Clay doesn't exactly enjoy seeing his boyfriend cry either.

"So?" Clay looked up from the plate, realizing that his boyfriend was waiting for a reply. He shook away his thoughts, trying to navigate through his cloudy mind to provide some proper reply. George smiled, reaching his hand forward to take a fry while waiting, "Will it be too messy?"

"Uhhhh, sorry. Babe, it's not that, I just don't want you to get hurt." Clay said, he grabbed onto the green waterbottle at the side.

"Well yeah, but you'll be there! And you can like, I don't know, help me?" It seemed to pose as more of a question than a strategic reply but Clay just laughed.

"Help you? I thought it was a cooking competition." He held up the last fry to George's mouth, the other leaned forward a bit to eat it, before wiping his mouth.

"I don't know," He seemed drained out, cuddling back into his arms, the bright light was starting to hurt his eyes. George yawned a bit, and Clay got up to put the plate away in the sink. He washed his hands quickly, before going back over to the dinner table to see that his boyfriend was on the brink of falling asleep.

Running his hand through George's hair, he smiled down at the older, "Come on, we can think through this later. You should sleep." George nodded, stretching his hands out dramatically before bouncing up from the chair.

"Are you gonna do some work?" George asked, and Clay nodded. There were several videos that he filmed that needed to be edited out.

"You wanna sleep in the streaming room?" Clay asked and George stopped in his tracks to think for a moment, before slowing nodding along to his words. The pair made their way towards the room at the end of the hallway, their shoulders bumping into each other, in silence. There was a bounce in Clay's steps while George just walked quietly, like a ghost.

George cuddled himself into the pillows of the bed, easing the comforter to bury himself under it. "Okay, but wake me up in a while if I don't." He told Clay, who was stepping into his set up,

headphones plugged in.

Within minutes, George was out like a light. He was turned towards Dream's direction, his face barely visible from under the comforter. Dream smiled, reaching a hand out to brush some hair out of his lover's face, watching as his face contorted for a moment before smoothing down at the warm touch

For a moment, Dream just watched. He watched George's silhouette slowly move up and down. He smiled, turning back towards the computer to edit some more videos.

After about an hour, George had woken up, but Clay was too focused on his computer to really notice. George mumbled a bit to himself, talking about finishing something up before pressing a kiss to Clay's cheek and leaving the room. Clay hummed in reply, gaining his attention back towards the videos, knowing that if he stopped now, he would never pick this up again.

After about an hour of editing on his own, it was nearly four in the afternoon. The light outside was starting to dim down, a crisp afternoon blooming through the windows that Dream was forced to shut in annoyance. *Natural light is overrated anyways.* His thoughts were scattered, but a notification pulled him out.

It was from Discord, from Tommy.

### **TommyInnit**

hey big man

we're live, wanna join?

### **Dream**

yeahhh sure, gimme a while

whose on?

### **TommyInnit**

me, tubbo, badboyhalo is also here

and uhh sapnap is here and karl, and so is quackity

## Dream

the whole gang wtf

okay i'll join wait

He finished editing up the last footage the Minecraft Manhunt, before going over to the Dream SMP discord to check which VC they were all on.

VC 2. There were about six people on there, all of whom were talking over each other and Dream clicked on it, humored. Immediately, there were shouts from everyone, before it went quiet.

"Dream! You're here!" Sapnap said, before others resounded with the same greetings.

"Hey guys!" He clicked over to Tommy's live on Twitch, watching as the chat was immediately spammed with thousands and thousands of people who were shouting about his arrival. He then opened up Minecraft, *Dream joined the game*.

Immediately, Tommy shouted in glee. "Big C! Look what we made." Dream had spammed into the edges of Church Prime, where he was resting the day before after Tommy was threatening to murder him, yet again. He looked around.

"Where are you guys?" Dream asked before Tubbo gave him some coordinates.

"We're helping Karl make his new house." Sapnap said, before Karl reworded his statement and started asking Dream some questions.

Immediately, they were pulled into the normal rhythm they had whenever he played on the SMP. Everything seemed fine, upbeat and collected as everyone was helping gather materials while making stupid jokes in the middle. However, Chat wasn't exactly easy to tame, and since Dream had joined, had been spamming about George. Nearly all of the comments were *WHERE GEORGE?? PH MY GODDD DREAMM SHOW US UR BOYFRIENDD PLEASEE*. He was ignoring them, it was a bit funny. He was planning to keep them like that, before Quackity finally called them out.

"Okay Dream, we all know you see the messages, come on, tell us." Alex said, his voice was

obviously toned down and sounded humored so Dream responded with a chortled laugh.

"I have *no idea* what you're talking about." He defended himself, and chat went up in flames of betrayal.

"Man really revealed his boyfriend and pretended like nothing ever changed." Tubbo muttered, and the group started laughing, a large amount of giggles erupting from Karl.

"*Come on*, Dream. Pleaseeee, can you get Gogy?" Tommy whined, and the rest started agreeing with him, but Chat was mostly confused on who Gogy was, "Chat, Gogy is short for George. It's my nickname for him."

"Mine too!" Tubbo resounded, and Sapnap agreed as well to push onto the weight. Dream rolled his eyes.

"What? Am I not enough for you guys anymore?" He was really just egging them on, of course he would bring George in a minute. George was begging him (well not, *begging*) the other day about talking to Chat live, and Dream said they could do it another day.

"Noooo, please? I mean, come on. Finally, you already revealed, plus we wanna play with him, right?" The others agreed with the minor and BadBoyHalo, who was on mute for the past nearly 20 minutes finally talked.

"Yeah Dream, don't be suspicious." Bad said, Dream rolled his eyes and groaned in fake annoyance. Before he could reply, Tommy spoke over him.

"And maybeee, he can go live?" It posed more as a skeptical question rather than a restatement but Dream let it pass.

"Well maybe not, go *live*. But I can call him over. I don't think he's doing anything important." Dream replied, George going live would be cute, but maybe not. George is *his*— well, you get the point.

The others rejoiced at the agreement, and Tommy decided to compromise with it. Dream told them he'd be right back before going over to fetch his boyfriend, who was probably just playing around with their cats in the living room. There was the sound of someone getting up before radio silence

filled over from Dream's microphone.

"Did he leave? Jesus." asked Quackity, and the others hummed in reply before he started talking to chat, "Don't worry chat, you'll like George. He's funny as hell."

"George is sweet sometimes." Bad said, before going back to muting himself in the background.

Before the others could say something, Dream's call was once again alive with a distant voice. It was low, more lighthearted than Dream's, and comforting. "Wait, whose on?" It said.

"George," *Dream* started before telling him to sit down. After a moment of everyone holding their breaths, including the content creators and chat, there's a steady voice that came from Dream's voice call.

"Hello?" It was George. The others immediately started yelling his name, but received no reply in return before Dream spoke again.

"*Pfft*, George! Wear the headphones." It was lighthearted, fond even.

"Oh, well tell me that first." There was rustling sound from the other sound before Quackity and the others burst into a series of loud laughs.

"He wasn't? He wasn't wearing the *headphones*!?" Tommy was cackling, and that was the first thing that George heard when he finally was connected to the call properly.

"Tommy?" A question, that was responded in minutes.

"GOGY! HI!" Tommy was obviously excited, finally, George was going to join them live.

It took a moment before everyone started greeting George and Dream's character on Minecraft finally moved around to face the group, who were all standing in a pile around him. George giggled, catching his breath before taking a deep breath.

"Oh my god, is *everyone* here?" He asked, punching out at Karl who bounced back before punching him right back. He laughed a bit before turning over to run, over to realize his inventory and changed to a netherite sword, swinging it towards Karl who immediately burst into flames.

"OKAY SORRY SORRY!" Karl apologized, running over to Sapnap, who immediately washed him over with a water bucket, "Sorry!" George laughed in return while Tommy and Tubbo were wheezing in the background. Taking a moment to calm down, Tommy decided to speak to George.

"Yeah Gogy, we're live right now!" George turned towards Dream as if he could hear anything they were saying before muttering, "I'm live?"

Clay just nodded along, before sitting next to him on the bed, legs together as he watched George beside him on the gaming chair. He never really got to see it from this angle, it was kinda.. cool. It was new.

"Oh well. Hi, people who are watching?" George asked, skeptically.

"Oh, the chat is on the other screen, George." Clay said, and George finally looked towards it, realizing what was going on. Chat was going *insane*. It was spammed with people going crazy over George's laugh, voice, literally everything, and George was getting flushed up.

"Oh my god, that is a .. lot of people." To the side of the screen, he could see Tommy and his screen, where he was standing right in front of Dream's character. George chuckled, "Hi Tommy, I see you."

Tommy rolled his eyes and George laughed louder, looking over at Clay to show him, "Clay *look*, he looks constipated." Clay leaned over a bit to look at Tommy, who just looked confused at this point before laughing along with his boyfriend.

"I do *not* look constipated!" Tommy was trying to defend himself while Sapnap intervened in the background.

"Holy shit, Chat's going crazy cause you called Dream Clay." He said, and Karl laughed along with him, while looking up chat was well.

"Well yeah, what else do I call him? Should I stop calling him Clay?" At his name, Clay looked up

from his phone at the bed, quirking his eyebrows up in confusion while George ignored and shook his head, "Okay what, should I start calling him Dream or something?" The others agreed against it but George turned over to Clay just to play along.

"*Clay*, should I call you Dream instead?" He asked, his eyes big in curioustiy but his tone was clearly teasing, Clay wanted to kiss the smirk away.

"*No way.*" He shook his head in alarm to which George just responded in loud laughter, while the others were confused.

"*Clay just!* He just — I never seen him shake his head that fast, sorry, I have to call him Clay then." George started to actually play the game, switching over to his off hand and digging a piece of dirt. He pointed it at Tommy, "Dirt."

"Wow Gogy, it's dirt." Tommy said in nonchalance, while Chat was basically exploding. *CLAY?! I? OH MY GOD HE SAID CLAY. WTFF THEYRE SO CUTE SO CUTE SO CUTE.* Karl was attempting to read some of them in the background, with Sapnap copying him but George's attention was towards the dirt. He passed multiple blocks of dirt to Tommy, while Tommy just watched in confusion before handing more over to Tubbo.

"Hey Tubbo. Here." He also handed some other stuff from Dream's inventory, some of them being just pork chops and turned back around, looking around the scenery, "Oh. Is it Dream SMP?"

Quackity chortled, "Yess, did Dream not tell you anything before he brought you to the call?"

"No. Clay just said something like *the boys want to talk to you c'mere* and pulled me into the room." He tried doing an American accent but failed miserably, but it was fond to watch nevertheless.

"The boys?" *Tommy.*

"We're THE BOYS!" *Tubbo.*

George laughed at the best friends duo, turning over in the game to actually do something. The others started talking and explaining to him that they were helping Karl made a new house and George followed them around as he got a (nearly done) house tour.

"Uhhh I like the, *um*, what are these?" He pointed at the mushroom blocks, to them they were just a very, mustard yellow color, quite bright though. Everything around him looked dead, but most things were in general.

"They're mushroom blocks, Gogy," George nodded along to Tommy's words, like he could see him nod before giggling to himself. George looked up from the screen to see that Clay was getting up from the bed, sliding off to turn back over to look at him.

"Wait, I'll be back." He said, and George nodded, looking back over to the screen.

"Is he gone, Gogy?" Tommy asked, and from the corner of his eye, George can see the mischievous smile that was starting to bloom on his face, his eyes lightening up with curiosity.

"Yeah, for a moment though, why? What do you want Tommy?" George moved Dream's character to Tommy and hit him once to get his attention.

"You should go live! From Big C's account!" George winced lightly at the words, George had given the idea towards Dream before but he wasn't too okay with it. He tossed it out for later, but George wasn't sure how *later* he meant.

"We already asked him but he said no Gogy, but if you ask him, maybe he'll say yes." Tommy was whining at this point, George rolled his eyes and stretched his right hand out. It was worth a try.

"Okay, wait, lemme call him." He could easily hear the other rejoicing in the background, loud and suddenly rampant, every Bad who has barely talked to George in the past twenty minutes that the Brit has been playing. George cleared his throat, "Clay!"

He could see that Tommy was trying not to laugh and others were the same, he shook his head and turned over when Clay came in.

"Yeah, George? Did something stop working?" Normally, George would melt at how soft his tone was, and how he only managed to realize that. He however, kept a strong face before twisting his mouth into a pout.

"Can I — can I go live? I wanna go live, please?" George tried asking in the sweetest way possible, knowing that it would immediately squirm its way into Clay's heart and he'll eat it up. Clay froze in his steps, his eyes widening at the vocal tone change before biting onto his lower lip.

"Y-Yeah. Okay." He replied, and there was a silent *whoop* from the discord group while Karl started whining about how whipped Dream was. Clay thinned his eyes before asking, "Wait, did Tommy ask you to do this?"

George sighed in betrayal, trying to pose as disappointed as possible, "*Clay!* Are you saying I can't form independent thoughts? That's so *mean*." Clay sputtered at that before rolling his eyes.

"You're so *dramatic*, fine, you can go live." On the other side, Tommy was trying not to laugh, since it was so visibly clear on Clay's other screen. "Tommy, I can see you laughing." At that, Tommy shut right up, and George grabbed onto Clay's shoulder to hold himself up from the shrieking laughs that jumped through him.

"Okay guys, we'll be back." Clay grabbed onto the mouse to click *end* before leaning forward to press a kiss to George's lips. The other smiled into it, pulling away to speak, "So I can go live?"

"Yeah, and apparently I don't have the ability to say no to you." Clay rested his chin on George's head, clicking over to open up Twitch.

"Well, that's not exactly old news, Clay." The dirty blond rolled his eyes, before thinking for a moment and deciding to let George decide instead.

"Do you want the face cam on?" He couldn't see George's face but he could feel the other nodding.

"Uh huh! That'd be so much fun! Right?" Clay resounded with a *sure* before clicking around to get the live set up.

"Here, title it what you want it to be." George shook Clay's chin off of his head, scooting closer to the screen before typing fast, *imagine being dream's boyfriend*. Clay snorted, wheezing before finishing the title up *imagine being dream's boyfriend? i can*. George laughed along with him before turning over to kiss him.

"That's *perfect*." Clay moved back to discord to join back into the call, clicking back to the live to

let George push the button. "Okay guys, I'm about to click it."

"Go Gogy!" Tommy cheered him on and George rolled his eyes, he clicked onto the *go live* button, waiting a moment before his own face looked back at him through the screen. He looked really *good*, he was just wearing another one of Dream's hoodie, with nothing underneath so his neck was bare. His cheeks were pink from the sudden lighting change and his hair was ruffled at the front, but the headphones formed a bump of them. He blinked before giving a big smile towards the camera, immediately pulling his hood up.

"I just realized I'm not mentally prepared for this." People were joining at a fast pace, considering that Tommy had already gave out a message for people from his live, telling them to go join George's. George turned towards the dirty blond, who was next to him but out of frame, "Clay. It says there's zero people. I don't think people like you anymore." Clay snorted, ruffling up George's hair lightly.

The discord chat was speaking over each other, each one of them trying to talk to George and he was struggling to listen, trying to keep up with all of them. "George! George, you look so confused." Karl started laughing at him and George laughed along.

"I don't know how this works!" Finally, he could see some messages that were popping up from chat, most of them greeting him and he tilted his head before responding, "Hi! I'm George. And uh, I'm Clay — Dream's boyfriend. What am I, what do I say?"

Clay leaned forward into the camera, coming up behind George to look at the camera before looking back at his boyfriend. He unplugged the headphones, taking them off of George before leaving the frame of the camera again. Immediately, the room was filled with shouts from the discord call and Clay muttered out a "*Jesus*."

George snorted, following Clay with his eyes before turning back towards the camera where the chat and the call was *shouting*. "George! George." Sapnap was calling out for him.

"Huh? What? What do you want?" He balanced his cheek on his hands, blinking mindlessly back to himself, clearly confused on what to do.

"You should *like* play minecraft with us." George pondered over it for a minute, before shaking his head.

"Nooo, I have to sleep soon." He replied, looking over at chat to laugh at the comments, "Someone said I'm pretty, Clay, your chat likes me more." He smiled jokingly at Clay who shook his head.

"You're such an *idiot*." Clay replies, and it's hard to hide the fond tone his voice dials down to, as he comes into view and leans onto the back of the gaming chair. He looks directly into the camera before looking back down towards the screen where George is scrunching his nose.

"You're stealing my spotlight!" He whines, and Clay laughs lightly.

"*I'm* stealing your spotlight?" George nods at that before pushing the rolling chair back from the desk a bit, urging Clay to move closer and he does.

Quackity's voice pulls him out of the domestic trance, where Clay and him are the only ones present, "George, the entire chat is saying that you're out of Dream's league!"

"It's true, if Clay didn't beg me for a date, I wouldn't have never gone!" Clay looks humored at that, dunking his head down for a big laugh before poking at George's back, to which he squirms away.

Eventually, George starts looking more at chat and reading out their comments, as within half an hour, he and Clay are left alone in the call while the others work up to the schedule of giving out some lore. George is impatiently bopping up and down while Clay is still leaning at the back of his chair, clearly watching George through the screen with the most *enamored* expression. It's easy to catch, his eyes droop at little and there's a small, but permanent smile that's etched onto his face.

"Uhhh, how old are you— I'm 23 now, two years older than Clay. It doesn't look like it cause he's a— he's a.. an overgrown asparagus,"

"An *overgrown what*?" Clay wheezes,

"—but I'm older than him! He's just freaking *tall*. Clay, shut up!" George tries to continue the answer while Clay is just losing his mind in the background, already out of frame to control his wheezy laughter.

George watches him on the floor beside him, laughing along, "I don't know, okay?! I was just— it just came to mind!"

In a moment, George has calmed down and is reading more questions in Chat, while Clay was trying to contain his wheezes. The chat was moving at a rapid speed, he was struggling to read it, especially if they were more than a few words.

"Uhh, height check? No. I'm 5'9, but Clay is like humongous next to me." Clay nods out of frame, agreeing with the statement even though no one can see me, "Clay says he's like 6'3, but I'm sure he's more, he's wayyy too tall for just 6'3."

"Well probably, but you're just like, *small*." Clay speaks out of frame, it sounds hooded but George just looks confused before leaning forward to laugh. He puts a hand over his mouth, rolling his eyes, before yawning.

"Hmm, okay, well. Zodiac sign? Clay, what am I?" Clay takes a moment to think before standing back up into frame and looked down at George.

"You're scorpio, and I'm a leo." George nods, before giggling.

"Well, do we have good compatibility then?" George asks, a flirty tone before Clay just laughs, looking away.

"You're — you're such an *idiot*."

George giggled, "What? Is that not how they work?" Clay started spluttering, shaking his head before leaning his chin onto George's head.

The sound of someone calling them from Discord came on, and George clicked on the call; it was Karl. It was a bit staticky at the start but Karl's voice rang low, and serious, "Stop flirting." Before he ended the call.

George laughed over at that before Clay started yelling at the screen about *god* knows what, George was starting to feel sniffling. His leg was bouncing, and his eyes started to feel a bit cloudy, as he let Clay take the reins to answer onto another question.

Another sleep attack? It was true that he had them quite often, considering his Narcolepsy was a bit

more serious, but he'd already had one about three hours ago. It was a tough day, and he was drained out, all of his emotions coming onto him within minutes.

He turned towards Clay who was already looking down at him, before smiling goofily, his boyfriend already knew it was coming on. Clay smiled at the camera, before telling their good byes towards chat.

George pulled up his hood, as Clay started talking, "Okay, looks like George is sleepy now, so we're gonna head off, Chat! Say bye, George."

"Byeee!" He waved at the screen at a fast pace before Clay ended the live. Immediately, the energy drained out of him and he closed his eyes in exhaustion. George was about to doze off when a warm hand, *Clay's hand*, cupped his cheek and called out towards him.

"Come on, let's move to the bedroom first, atleast." George groaned, pulling his hands out to signal Clay to carry him, and the other obliged. He bent down to pull George into his arms, before pulling him up from his chair as the other wrapped his legs around Clay's waist. Clay balanced his hands on the undersides of George's thighs, while the other wrapped his hands around Clay's shoulders, pulling him close. Clay kissed the side of his cheek, "You big baby."

"Yeah, yeah, but you like it." It wasn't too long before George dozed off on his shoulder, not longer responding to his taunting. Clay wobbled his way into their bedroom, it wasn't too difficult since George wasn't exceptionally heavy either. Carefully, he balanced George onto the bed, before getting in with him. Pulling the other close into his arms, Clay watched as their cats bounced themselves onto the bed to settle near the pair.

Clay turned towards the dark haired, kissing his boyfriend's forehead, before staring at the ceiling for a while. This was — okay. He looked down at George, they were okay. A song in his head.

*Touch you softly*

*I call you up late at night*

*No doubt it isn't right*

*But you could be my one and only*

And that night, if *George* is trending worldwide, and *Dream's Boyfriend* is trending in the United States, well, that was okay too.

If George wakes up hours later, living up to his usual thirteen hours of sleep everyday, and Clay was still watching him, counting the freckles to the side of his face — that was okay.

And if they kiss, soft and peppered, before going in for more with gentle hums in the background. With their cats that are purring beside them in a pile, and George's messy, bed hair. That was perfect.

## Chapter End Notes

andddd voila, the end!

honestly, when i wrote the reveal, i wasn't sure what to write. so i tried to make it lowkey for now, but then make something more! okay i'll be completely honest, i have so much more ideas coming forth for this story that i don't want to keep nagging and adding onto this, this particular story sooo, should i make this into a series?

I will admit that i have a few one shots coming out for this, som. i want to write more for this, more specifically this au. write some parts of that are soft as hell. so yeah, look forward to that :] this will turn into a series!

thank you. so much for the countless amount of love and support that you've given me this part month, i'm proud of myself for finishing my first dnf fic! and i want to thank you all for motivating me to finish it, it means. so much to me. i have a lot of things planned, but for now.

thank you for all the love, i hope this story has touched you or made you happy in some way because i think that was the goal at the end of the day.

if you ever wanna talk — or be friends, or give me more ideas (which i would LOVE!) my tumblr is also @whalesdontsleep ! and my twitter is @Dnftae but yeah, come on if u wanna ask something or wanna be friends, i would love it!

thank you for everything and i'll see you guys next time! MWAH!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!